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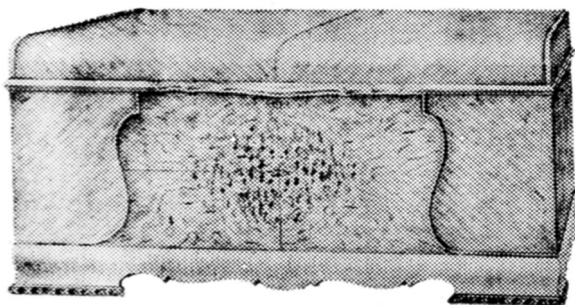
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KENCOLL STAFF

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# EDITORIAL

VOL. X

— KENCOLL —

1949

Published by the Students of the  
Kennedy Collegiate Institute  
Windsor, Ontario.

Price - 50c per Copy

## ON LOOKING FORWARD AND BACK

Pause with me here awhile and ponder over the days gone by and the days to come. Now, as we are about to leave our Alma Mater for the last time perhaps, we should pause and give thought to all the things our dear old school has meant to us. During our five-year stay at Kennedy we have grown from timid little ninth-graders into busy fifth-formers. The change has been slow and we find it hard to realize that now we must turn in our lock and locker for the last time. It is difficult to look back and count the days without becoming sentimental over little things said and done or over the special help given by some sympathetic teacher. It is even more difficult to realize that now that is no more. Some of us will leave and go to work, with no help from a sympathetic boss when we get in trouble; others will go into institutes of higher learning that are so crowded that personal help from a professor is impossible.

When we look back into the past and recall old friends and the wonderful times that were spent here, the dances, the parties, and the sports that made up our extra-curricular activities, we begin to know how much we will miss our chums, the friendly rivalry, and our coaches and teachers; we realize just how much these easy, carefree, effortless days of our youth have meant to us; we recall how, at times we tried to excuse ourselves from faulty work by the absurd claim that the teachers were "against" us, and we realize that everything that the teachers did was for our benefit.

When we try to look ahead we can see no helping hand held out to us like that of our teachers in former years. Now, we conclude, we must take care of ourselves and discipline ourselves without aid from anyone. In our future there are no chums as there were in school; instead, a hand-to-hand, dog-cat-dog battle for a social position, a home, a family.

We must move forward now and become an integral piece, a cog in the vast machinery of this industrial age. We must now work into the complicated pattern of civilized life and it was to that end that we came here to our own dear Kennedy. At Kennedy we were shaped, moulded into the type of citizen that Canada wants and needs and we must go forward now and emerge, some as doctors, lawyers, nurses, civic officials, and others as labourers, skilled workmen and tradesmen. Whatever our place in the machinery of life we must take it and we must do our share to keep our country strong. Whatever our place, in the midst of excellent teaching, good comradeship and all the joys that follow therein, Kennedy has fitted us to do our job and to do it properly so that we may hold our heads high and cry aloud that we are alumni of Kennedy Collegiate Institute.

Stan Gragg—13A

## SCHOOL SPIRIT

by Rita Potts

To most students school spirit only involves attendance at school games and arguing with students from the other schools about the best school. School Spirit is more than this. School Spirit is that driving force within a school which makes all aspects of our school life function with the ease and precision of a well-oiled machine.

It is true that cheering and yelling at a game is an important part of school spirit. However this is only spirit which has been turned on for the game; this is only Friday Night School Spirit. School Spirit belongs to every day. School Spirit is shown in our attitudes towards our teaching staff, the maintenance staff, and towards each other. School Spirit cannot live in a school ridden with prejudice, jealousy, and pettiness. Unity promotes school spirit. Are we a unit? Does each and every one of us belong to Kennedy Collegiate, or do we belong to our own little clique of students who happen to attend Kennedy? One of our teachers said, "There are a great many lonely girls and boys in Kennedy." This should not be true! School Spirit is respect, respect for teachers, and school and staff. Do we give our teachers their proper respect? Do we give respect, and so show school spirit, to our staff and school when we litter the halls with papers and mark the walls with pencils and finger prints?

Kennedy Collegiate is democratic. Our Forum is our government. The Forum does good and great service to the school. Undoubtedly we could not do without it. However, is the student body behind the Forum with the enthusiasm and support it deserves? Perhaps if we knew our Forum we would support it to a greater extent. Except for the elections we only hear a few vague allusions to the Forum. Why couldn't there be an open Forum meeting in the gym some night so all could see how the Forum operates? At least we could have more reports on the Forum meetings. The Forum is a mainspring of School Spirit. It should be more than a word to us.

If School Spirit showed in all these various ways I think the game attendances and the volume of the cheers would soar higher and higher.

School Spirit can be summed up in one word, "Co-operation". Co-operation is the keyword to the Spirit of Kennedy.

## WHAT IS KENNEDY?

You may well ask, on reading the title of this article, "What do you mean, what is Kennedy?" We all know Kennedy is a school; one of Windsor's larger High Schools, named in honour of Honorable William Costello Kennedy, M. P.

Such an answer, strictly speaking, would be true, but any Kennedy student will tell you that Kennedy is more than that. It is a football team which loses games at the beginning of the season and then picks up enough to battle its way into the W. S. S. A. semi-finals. It is a trio of basketball teams which can play their hearts out and lose one night and sail through all three games the next two weeks in a row. It is a hockey team which fails to win a single game for

(Cont'd on Page 39)





KENNEDY COLLEGIATE STAFF

Back Row, left to right: Mr. W. M. Wass, Mr. E. W. Fox, Mr. A. W. Green, Mr. H. L. Ward, Mr. A. F. S. Gilbert, Mr. A. W. Bishop, Mr. M. C. Thomson, Mr. B. W. Brown,

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Absent: Miss B. Davis, Miss J. McNeill, Mrs. L. P. May, Miss A. Noonan.

## PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

"The important thing in Olympic games is not winning, but taking part. The essential thing in life is not conquering but fighting well." This quotation was placed on the score board at one end of Wembley Stadium high up above the stands. Every one of the eighty thousand people who saw the opening day spectacle was impressed by it. The games were carried on in the true spirit of this motto. The athletes of the 61 nations who participated put forth their best efforts. Rarely did an athlete drop out of an event because he was outclassed.

When an event was over, language was no barrier to means of expression. The friendly handclaps of the losing opponents, and the cheering crowd acclaimed the winner. Good fellowship and friendliness were apparent everywhere.

The sportsmanship displayed by competitors reflects back to the schools of the countries from which they came. Many of the young men and women were still attending secondary schools or colleges, or had re-

cently graduated from them. If the friendly relations among the athletes could be extended to all the people of the countries from which they came, wars might cease to be.

Our school athletics this year have been of a very high standard, and have exemplified to a marked degree the Olympic motto. Our teams have shown a splendid spirit throughout the year. The disappointment of not being first in the league has not kept them from working hard and trying. Our football team got in the play-offs, as did our three basketball teams and our hockey team. Not until the swimming and track events took place near the end of the school year did we have a winner. The spirit of fighting well prevailed throughout our sports this year.

The closing wish on the score board at Wembley also holds for us at the end of this school year an expression of good will: "The spirit of the Olympic games which has tarried here awhile sets forth once more. May it prosper throughout the world, safe in the keeping of all those who felt its noble impulse in this great festival of sport."



FORUM EXECUTIVE

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**For full information, including calendars and bulletins, apply to the Registrar, Victoria College, Toronto.**

## 1949 Graduates

## GLORIA BANTROCK

App.: Bewitching  
 F.S.: I'm not crazy  
 P.P.: Poor sports  
 Amb.: ? ? ?  
 Weak.: Hitchhikers  
 1959: Barmaid



## STANLEY CHARLES GREGG

App.: Boppish  
 F.S.: Ya dingleberry  
 P.P.: Blue eyes  
 Amb.: Psychiatry  
 Weak.: Sabbatical leave  
 1959: Making 90%  $\text{HC}_2\text{H}_3\text{O}_2$  (Ca (OH)<sub>2</sub>) solutions



## RAY (SHORTY) TRUANT

App.: Aggressive  
 F.S.: What is it to ya  
 Weak.: Scotch woman  
 P.P.: Scotchmen  
 Amb.: To lick a "Frog"  
 1959: Inside man at Glue Factory



## BETTY ANNEN

App.: Demure  
 F.S.: Well ———ah———  
 P.P.: Re-reading her English homework  
 Amb.: To speak louder  
 Weak.: An R. C. N. man  
 1959: Wow! What a teacher!



## JOAN MARIE WARWICK

App.: Naïve  
 F.S.: Hey Wimpy  
 P.P.: Those who sleep in History  
 Amb.: Lady with a lamp  
 Weak.: Telling the truth  
 1959: Lady with a candle



## JIM (FUNGAS) FRANGAKIS

App.: The Grik  
 F.S.: Whatta women  
 P.P.: Cliffords snooker  
 Amb.: To be a pianist  
 Weak.: His head  
 1959: White's waiter No. 1



## HERBERT ESER GRAY

App.: Herbacious  
 F.S.: Mr. Chairman, Honourable judges . . .  
 P.P.: Sines and Cosines  
 Amb.: Prime Minister  
 Weak.: Math. formulae  
 1959: Alderman in Ward 4



## KATHRYN SYMONDS

App.: Socialite  
 F.S.: But Liz., how can we?  
 P.P.: You should know Doug.  
 Amb.: Journalism  
 Weak.: Lyajoy's jokes  
 1959: Writing Obituary columns



## LYAJJOY LEON

App.: Serpentine beauty  
 F.S.: Do you want to hear a cute joke?  
 P.P.: Conceited boys like ———  
 Amb.: Doctor  
 Weak.: "Bobby"  
 1959: Knitting "bobby" socks



## HAROLD PATZER

App.: Anaerobic  
 F.S.: Mble . . . mble . . . mble  
 P.P.: Better athletes  
 Amb.: Don McLean's successor  
 Weak.: Mumbling  
 1959: Vaporized



## KEITH ALLEN

App.: Bony  
 F.S.: It's getting late  
 P.P.: Buying gas  
 Amb.: A. & P. Manager  
 Weak.: I can't say no to I. B.  
 1959: Official "Y" ping-pong champ.



## BETTY SHREVE

App.: Bundle of joy  
 F.S.: What did you get?  
 P.P.: Chlorine  
 Amb.: Pharmacist  
 Weak.: Frogs  
 1959: Chlorinating water.



## ADELYN MARY DAVIES

App.: Efficient and ever-ready  
 F.S.: Depends on the situation  
 P.P.: Radios that aren't tuned in  
 Amb.: After mid-term exams, who knows  
 Weak.: Chemistry Marks  
 1959: B. Sc. L. A.



## JIM SHYNKAR

App.: Startled  
 F.S.: Dans notre classe de française  
 P.P.: Selling Ads.  
 Amb.: To sell an ad.  
 Weak.: Poetry  
 1959: Poet Laureate



# 1949 Graduates

## KEN PICKTHALL

App.: Not so lean, tall or lunk-headed  
F.S.: Sov. you owe me a nickle  
P.P.: Dictating Brady's love letters  
Amb.: A Chrysler Executive  
Weak.: Spacious Badminton Courts  
1959: Night Watchman at Fords



## EMMA MARGIE BLAIR

App.: Sulkish  
F.S.: "Oh com'on Mort, hoop it"  
P.P.: Miss Vrooman's marking scheme  
Amb.: To train in Toronto  
Weak.: Long, lean and slow man  
1959: Mrs. W. M. Wilson

## DONNA PAISLEY

App.: Bored  
F.S.: Quote "speak up Donna"  
P.P.: A President  
Amb.: Psychologist  
Weak.: Rhythm bands  
1959: Shoveling snow at Lady Ellis



## JIM (SATCH) FLEMING

App.: Bewildered  
F.S.: I'll betcha  
P.P.: Trick knee  
Amb.: To play "good" Euchre  
Weak.: "Hey Sup . . . ."  
1959: Il Trick knees

## JACK OLI VAANANEN

App.: Harmless  
F.S.: You're just trying to fool me Pickthall  
P.P.: None, I'm just a loving guy  
Amb.: Ford's chemical engineer  
Weak.: Appendices  
1959: Doc "Oli" Patent Cures



## FRANCES JOHNSTON

App.: Devilish  
F.S.: Anon, anon, Sir.  
P.P.: Papassier  
Amb.: More Math in French  
Weak.: Alma (Maters)  
1959: Next week, Mr. Knapp

## MADELEINE CSONKA

App.: Treat  
F.S.: Only one more period to go  
P.P.: She won't tell  
Amb.: Homemaker  
Weak.: Homes  
1959: Carpenter



## TOM NALUZYNY

F.S.: He-e-e-e-eh to  
P.P.: Wanko and Harrison  
App.: Moovian  
Amb.: To be \_\_\_\_\_!  
Weak.: That mop of his  
1959: Cue racker at Pete's

## DONNA PETERSON

App.: Innocent  
F.S.: I'm not late  
P.P.: Glasses  
Amb.: 50% in all subjects  
Weak.: The Masonic  
1959: 49% in one subject



## ED SHUTTLEWORTH

App.: Droopy  
F.S.: How did the meeting with her go, Ron?  
P.P.: Work  
Amb.: To take Ron's place at a meeting with her  
Weak.: Joyce  
1959: Hoeing potatoes at Colchester

## BOB WOODS

App.: On fire  
F.S.: Shake!  
P.P.: Bobbie  
Amb.: Engineer  
Weak.: 10½ pound nieces  
1959: Rolling barrels



## JOYCE McLISTER

App.: Hot stuff  
F.S.: It's easy  
P.P.: Peggy's drawing  
Amb.: Medical research  
Weak.: The Library  
1959: A cure for measles

## ELEANOR START

App.: Really intelligent  
F.S.: More printed sheets  
P.P.: Questions in History  
Amb.: Genius  
Weak.: Pneumonia  
1959: I Q 180



## RON STEPHEN

App.: An over-sized Scotchman  
F.S.: I'll pound ya  
P.P.: Deneau and Rekush  
Amb.: Play basketball  
Weak.: Future nurse from St. M.  
1959: Still trying to collect the thumbnails from "Herc"



## 1949 Graduates

## MARY LUKOS

App.: Glamazon  
 F.S.: She just giggles  
 P.P.: Her subjects  
 Amb.: To get her subjects  
 Weak.: Her giggle  
 1959: Still giggling



## GERALD WILLIAM BEZAIRE

App.: Casonovian  
 F.S.: Check out  
 P.P.: Snakes  
 Amb.: To be happy and free  
 Weak.: "Bunny" Fox's jokes  
 1959: Border Immigration Officer

## RICHARD LOJEWSKI

P.P.: Hey you "uke"  
 F.S.: I'm tellin ya  
 App.: Drowsy  
 Amb.: To take Botany classes  
 Weak.: Smoking  
 1959: Still expelled for smoking



## PAT McKEEG

App.: Sweater girl  
 F.S.: You got you're English Homework?  
 P.P.: "Big Red"  
 Amb.: Figure it out for yourself  
 Weak.: School  
 1959: Start school all over again

## PATRICIA BARNUM

App.: Classified as a woman  
 F.S.: Holy Cow!  
 P. P.: Art and Herc should know  
 Amb.: B.Sc. in Nursing  
 Weak.: Gaudy ornaments  
 1959: Horse nurse



## DOUGLAS MENZES KILPATRICK

App.: Gnomish  
 F.S.: Whathehell  
 P.P.: Christie's brains  
 Amb.: Drive 97 mph. with visibility 0 ft.  
 Weak.: Ava Gardner  
 1959: Meat cutter at Swift's

## ROBERT CLINTON BAILEY

App.: Pitiful  
 F.S.: But Miss Gray I mean . . .  
 P.P.: Miss Gray's waking up exercises  
 Amb.: Commercial and Financial Lawyer  
 Weak.: Women in general  
 1959: Mail boy at Cunningham's



## DOUG (THE MENTOR) BOYD

App.: Terrifically deceiving  
 F.S.: The way I see it  
 P.P.: Just Algebra  
 Amb.: To take it easy for a year  
 Weak.: Douglas Boyd  
 1959: Ali-American criticizer

## GEORGE ARTHUR PENNINGTON

App.: Roguish  
 F.S.: How'd be  
 P.P.: Dyed blondes  
 Amb.: Another Howard Hughes  
 Weak.: Cheerleaders to the East  
 1959: An architectural farmer



## BRUCE WILTON

App.: Square-head  
 F.S.: You should have seen it  
 P.P.: B-4's  
 Amb.: Trying to grow a beard  
 Weak.: Lynn Munro  
 1959: A Smith brother

## LAURENCE RILETT

App.: Reserved  
 F.S.: He doesn't say much  
 P.P.: Good basketball guards  
 Amb.: To score 50 points in a game  
 Weak.: School studies  
 1959: Playing Jr. Basketball at Westminster



## KENNETH CHRISTIE

App.: Professor  
 F.S.: Look at this precipitate  
 P.P.: English assignments  
 Amb.: To be a math and science man  
 Weak.: or Des: More math  
 1959: Money changer

## WALTER HARRISON

App.: Happy-go-lucky  
 F. S.: Say haven't I seen you before  
 P.P.: Naluzny's hair  
 Amb.: To cut Tommy's hair  
 Weak.: Beautiful women  
 1959: Still enjoy Mr. Knapp's jokes



## FRANK WANKO

App.: Massive  
 F.S.: Well . . .  
 Weak.: Sharp flashy clothes  
 P.P.: Zoltan Veres  
 Amb.: To let "Tempus Fugit"  
 1959 Wanko's Haberdashery

# 1949 Graduates

## ROBERT (LUGE) LEDGLEY

App.: Wacky  
F.S.: Take off  
P.P.: The Benchl  
Amb.: To learn Hungarian  
Weak.: Big "Red"  
1959: Who cares



## ROSELYN STONE

App.: Breathless  
F.S.: I mean - - -  
P.P.: Those who don't like the "Y"  
Amb.: Phizz Ed Teacher  
Weak.: Water  
1959: All wet

## JOAN MOLLARD

App.: Sophisticated  
F.S.: Don't  
P.P.: Fire Hydrants  
Amb.: To get to U. of T.  
Weak.: Her waddle  
1959: Finish reading God's Little Acres  
Gone With the Wind



## JAMES ARTHUR REGINALD SERVICE

App.: Deranged  
F.S.: Do tell  
P.P.: Women's long fingernails  
Amb.: Electrical engineer  
Weak.: Lyle Warwick's sister  
1959: Cleaning type-writers

## ALEXANDER CSEREPES

App.: Small egg shaped cue ball  
F.S.: I can hardly wait to go to Western  
Amb.: To be a Scotchman  
Weak.: Cheer leaders at London Central  
1959: Kicked out of the Clan again



## JOAN MCKEE

App.: "Malac"  
F.S.: Drop dead  
P.P.: You ought to be ashamed  
Amb.: To ride a horse  
Weak.: A Roguish fellow  
1959: A Milkmaid

## IRENE YUHASZ

App.: Happy  
F.S.: Touch me!  
Amb.: Pharmacist  
Weak.: The Buick  
1959: Test-tube designer



## IRVIN NIGHTINGALE

App.: Carrot Top  
F.S.: He just smiles  
P.P.: Low marks  
Amb.: To quit fooling around in physics  
Weak.: Paper routes  
1959: Sanitation Engineer

## PEGGY MARY-ANN BUCK

App.: Stolid  
F.S.: Drop dead  
P.P.: J. D.'s behaviour  
Amb.: Artist  
Weak.: Mid-term exams  
1959: Lady bird whizz



## FRED TOWERS

App.: Freckles  
F.S.: That isn't bad eh?  
P.P.: Fag hags  
Amb.: To get through school  
Weak.: Nothing yet but let's wait  
1959: Tower's Bros. Bowling Emporium

## ALLISTER McLAREN

App.: Lady-killer  
F.S.: He's a Lowlander  
P.P.: "Hunkies"  
Amb.: To make Deneau eat a plate of 'Haggis'  
Weak.: 2nd Formers  
1959: Still a good Scotchman



## AILEEN PRENDERGAST

App.: Freckles  
F.S.: Let's hurry so we can see Floyd!  
P.P.: Meeting Lyajoy on time  
Amb.: Dietician  
Weak.: St. Clare's' High  
1959: Chef at the Waldorf

## BEN PEKRUL

App.: Studious  
F.S.: Oh no but . . .  
P.P.: Freddy's jokes  
Amb.: He wouldn't let us know  
Weak.: Shylock  
1959: Fleming and Pekrul—Spitfire's coaches



## MARILYN DIMMICK

App.: A pee-wee  
F.S.: Okay Sport!  
P.P.: Shorter girls  
Amb.: Housewife  
Weak.: Short boys  
1959: Mopping floors

## 1949 Graduates

### JOHN VIDICAN

App.: Rugged  
F.S.: These exams don't bother me  
Weak.: Female population  
P.P.: Quiet social affairs  
Amb.: To play tennis  
1959: Satill trying for Senior Matriculation



### BILL GIBB

App.: Somnambulist  
F.S.: I haven't got it done  
P.P.: "Gibbsie"  
Amb.: To keep awake  
Weak.: Alarm clocks  
1959: Still coming late

### RENO SOVRAN

F.S.: You're crazy  
App.: Healthy, wealthy and ?  
P.P.: Boyd and his stage advice  
Amb.: To own a plane  
Weak.: Weak  
1959: Grease Monkey Griffin



### ZOLTAN VERES

App.: Peter Torrian  
F.S.: Women don't interest me  
Weak.: Ah! yes, but who's in Flint Zoley  
P.P.: Kennedy peasants  
Amb.: To be a sports commentator  
1959: Comedian Sensation of the Nation

### KENNETH FAWCETT

App.: Gangling  
F.S.: Who likes nice girls?  
P.P.: 4 in a coup  
Amb.: Mr. Munroe's Son-in-law  
Weak.: A S. C. I. Cheer-leader  
1959: To score 2 goals per annum.



### BILL MORTIMER WILSON

App.: 97 lb. weakling  
F.S.: "Smooch me baby"  
Weak.: Amme Rialb  
P.P.: Roselyn's giggles  
Amb.: Dr. R. M. Wilson, Jr.  
1959: Jr. 100 lb. Mr. Windsor

### CHARLES CLIFFORD

App.: Curly  
F.S.: You got rocks in your head  
P.P.: Skoyle's shaving dislike  
Amb.: Il Penseroso  
Weak.: A stenographer to be  
1959: L'Allergo



### DAVID SKOYLES

App.: Eccentric  
F.S.: You've got to look at this logically  
P.P.: Herc's fuzzy mustache  
Amb.: To stump Miss Gray  
Weak.: Radio sets labelled in Russian  
1959: Signalling Corps's C.O.

### BOB (SATCHMO) MAYNARD

App.: Lippy  
F.S.: Take off  
P.P.: Lucky Euchre players  
Amb.: To sing like Louis Armstrong  
Weak.: Buccdl cavity  
1959: Golf pro at Little River



### JACK BRADY

App.: Spherical  
F.S.: You're crazy  
P.P.: Boyd's football comments  
Amb.: Try out-argue Sovran and Pickthall  
Weak.: Correct Algebra solutions  
1959: Brady's Dominion Grocerteria

*The "Coke" Crowd  
Enjoys Shopping  
at . . . .*

*Birks*  
JEWELLERS

**Diamonds . . . Watches . . . Gifts  
Parker Pen Sets . . . Trophies . . . Class Pins**

## COMMERCIAL GRADS

Name	Appearance	Weakness or Desire	Favourite Saying
Rose Suli	Curly	That certain party	Oh, Glen
Joe Szarka	Casanova	Black Convertible	'49 Whatcha majigger
Hazel Andrichuk	Alive	1959 Cadillac	I thought I'd die
Dorothy Lessel	Carefree	POLKA'S	"EWH" yes!
Bob Lee	Bopped	Be-Bop	But, Mr. Brown!!!
Anne Kuhn	Gay	Anything funny	"I wouldn't doubt it!"
Rose Ann Dunn	Sweet	Don	Awh come on——
Mary Lazuruk	Petite	"H-O-R-S-E-S"	WHY???
Joan Widders	Neat	Tall Men	I'm so embarrassed!???
Betty Stefan	Wiry	Talking	Tough eh?????
Maria Granzio	Torrid	MURDER Mysteries	Give me time!
Beverly Wilson	Beat-out	Square Dancing	Oh, I don't know
Meta Mae Paupst	Bewildered	Giggling	"This may not be right but——"
Madeline Bubrich	Bored	Dancing	Who me?
Dorothy Burton	Smiley	Curly hair, blue eyes	Are you kidding???
Mary Lou Brophay	Dimples	THE AIRFORCE	"BILL'S coming home!"
Julia Trevail	Witty	Point Pelee	Piffle!
Millie Maki	Studios	Making COFFEE	Ah nuts . . . . .
Donna Owen	Unruffled	Blonde curly hair	I'll be right down El-sie
Barbara Dale	Pixilated	Blondes	Oh, corn!
Shirley Ouellette	Serene	Ed	Are you kidding?
Wilma Cox	Daring	Clothes	Holy cowl
Jacqueline Ford	Intellectual	Cars	Did you do it . . . . ?????
Jacqueline Robinson	Naive	Knitting	Cats!
Betty Roteliuk	Mischievous	Telephones	Hey, Jackie——
Joan Wenner	Rosy	Football players	Off your rocker : : :
Charlotte Burton	Innocent	Convertibles	I don't know
Pat Calvert	Hmm, not bad	Brown Eyes	Wanna hear a joke????
Beverly Vollons	Coy	A left-handed pitcher	Oh you goon!
Joyce Washbrook	Baby face	A tall Man	Oh beans!!!!

## Assumption College

OF

THE UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN ONTARIO  
WINDSOR, ONTARIO

1870-1949

Phone 3-6355

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Assumption College, Contact the Registrar.





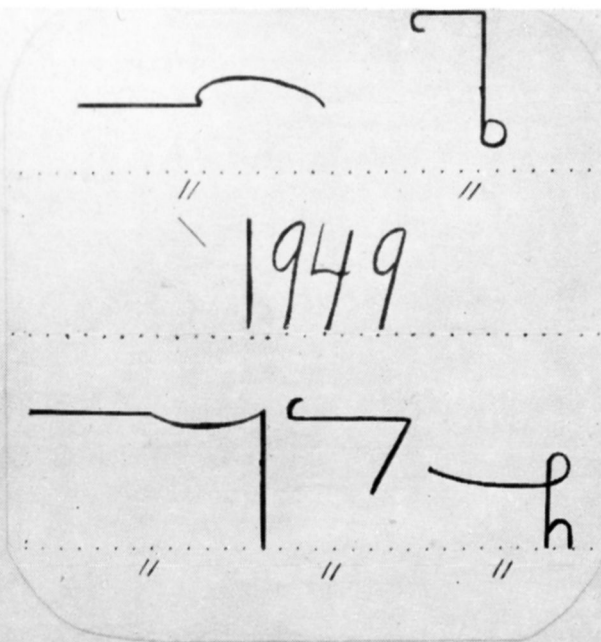
Rose Luli



Joe Szarka



Hazel Chadwick



Dot Lessel



Bob Lee



Anne Kuhn



Rose Anne Linn



Mary Laguerre



Joan Hudson



Betty Sifton



Marie Hengstler



Beverly Nelson



Meta Pappal



Madeline Babin



Dorothy Butler



Mary Lou Brophy



Julia Toward



Mildred Marks



Donna Owen



Barbara Rali



Shirley Swellbitt



Helma Cox



Jacqueline Ford



Jack Robinson



Betty Goldsby



Joan Henner



Charlotte Burton



Pat Calvert



Ben Vollans



Joyce Washbrook

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WINDSOR SCHOOLS EXCEL

# SHORT STORIES

## THE WHISTLING PINE

by Orest Tokarsky

I stand alone in a meadow that was once forest; and so I have stood for two hundred years. I have known better days; days when I was a youngster, and all around was forest; a dark but happy forest. I was tall and straight then, and content with my lot. Now I have aged and spread out, but I have not grown greatly. I am scraggly and stunted now, and the forest which once grew in awful majesty around me has long since fallen to the axe and saw. I am a survivor of a once mighty and majestic forest. Jays have screamed from my upper branches; squirrels have leapt from bough to bough; owls have slept through the day in peace, hugged close to my bosom. Many times have I offered shelter to the hunted deer, mice, squirrels, grouse and warblers; all have found shelter under my concealing blanket of needles. The hunters too, have used this to advantage, and many an unsuspecting victim has fallen prey to the beasts that thrive on meat. Those happy days are past, but memories linger. When a breeze begins to blow and whistle through my branches, I sway gently to and fro, and reminisce. I am the whistling pine; I see many things; but the story I am about to relate I hope I shall never see again.

It was a blistering cold night in October when they first appeared. Who they are or from whence they came I do not know; but they were here, and that was all that mattered. They slunk furtively from the shadows, and seemed to be afraid of something. Quickly and quietly they came out from among the trees. They stood and talked for awhile before they came closer. Then one of the men said: "Look, that's about the only pine in these woods. I figure that we could bury the money near the pine. It's big and it stands out from among the other trees. We could easily find our way back here."

The other man consented and that settled the issue. One of the men took a spade and began to dig. "This is a good spot," he said, "about halfway between the pine and this sycamore."

After a half-hour's labour, and a great deal of swearing as his spade time and again came into contact with stubborn roots, the money was buried. The other man had spaced off the distance between the place where the money was buried and the sycamore, and again the distance between the money and my great frame. With the aid of a flashlight, he carefully marked everything down on a little pad.

With the money buried, the men carefully concealed signs that anyone had been there. They scattered twigs and fallen leaves over the spot where they had been digging and around it. Not until the spot resembled the rest of the terrain did the men depart. Then they took their spade and left, glancing back once to see if they had forgotten anything. And there the treasure remained undisturbed.

When five years had elapsed, two other men came and sought the treasure. Kenneth McCullough was a

small heavy-set man with a wiry beard on his chin. He was not overly intelligent but was strong and muscular. Voisa Skrabowsky was a lithe, wiry, athletic man and clean-shaven. He had strength, but it was not easily noticed, and what he lacked in brawn he made up in brains. McCullough and Skrabowsky were not the two men who had buried the treasure, but they had the map.

"Well, we found the pine, but where's the sycamore?" asked Skrabowsky.

"There's a sycamore about forty yards away," replied McCullough, "but the map says the money is buried in a line between the pine and the sycamore. There must be a mistake somewhere. I wonder if this is the right place?"

"This is the largest pine in these woods," answered Skrabowsky, "and I think it's the right tree, but the sycamore might have been cut down."

Skrabowsky was right, it had been chopped down, and soon the stump of it was found. And so, seven paces from where I stand and six from the stump, the men began to dig. It was easy digging in virgin soil, but the roots presented a problem. The hole was dug deeper and deeper but still the treasure was not found. Soon the hole was six feet deep and the men's patience was exhausted. They threw down their shovels and quarrelled.

This got them nowhere however, and Skrabowsky persuaded McCullough that they should keep on digging and widen the hole. This was done but to no avail, and McCullough threw down his shovel in disgust. Whereupon Skrabowsky grew angry and gave him harsh rebuttal. Words shot back and forth, and finally McCullough picked up his shovel as though to resume digging.

But with the look of a savage beast, he swung it with all his enormous strength at Skrabowsky. Skrabowsky was caught off guard and the edge of the shovel bit into his side, knocking him to the ground. Before he could regain his feet, McCullough was upon him, with all the ferociousness of a tiger. Skrabowsky was dazed, but as McCullough's fingers closed on his throat, he pulled his hunting knife out of his sheath. With a desperate lunge he plunged it to the hilt into McCullough's side. The fingers on his throat relaxed, and Skrabowsky wrenched out the knife and again plunged it into McCullough's side. McCullough rolled over, and as his life-blood spilled over the forest floor he weakly beseeched mercy. But Skrabowsky, blind with rage, savagely plunged the knife again and again into his throat.

He picked himself up, smeared with his companion's blood, and with a stupid look on his face, he dazedly and slowly ambled off. But a blood-smeared shovel was lying in his erratic way, and, as his foot struck the handle, he toppled over and fell head-foremost into the pit he and McCullough had dug. There was a dull snap as he hit the bottom, and Skrabowsky lay still.

The sun set, that night, on a gory spectacle, but the sunset was the most brilliant seen for many a year, as though the blood of these two men had somehow



## THE WHISTLING PINE

(Cont'd. from Page 15)

found its way into the sky to provide a touch of color for a tragic ending.

If the two men had thought a little harder, and looked a little harder, they might have known that they had chosen the wrong stump and that the sycamore stump was standing on the other side from where I stood.

Every night, when a wind rises and whistles mournfully through my branches, I think of those two men that met such a tragic ending for such a worthless cause. The treasure still lies in the ground, and the squirrels and chipmunks, and the coons and the deer, and all the woodland folk, pass unconcernedly over it. They have no money; they do not give their lives for it; they hunt for food, and food alone. Yes, the treasure still lies in the ground and I hope it lies there till it rots.

## IN A MIST

by Nick Matalik—12A

Dark, greasy swells of the cold Atlantic slapped noisily against the sides of the rescue ship, "The Linda Lee," as diver Jim Murphy closed the face plate of his helmet, and was lowered into the green sea. The waves splashed around his head for an instant and then all was still.

He looked around as the crane held him motionless under the silvery ceiling of the sea; then seeing the cable coming from the depths below him, he wrapped his arms around it and stepped off the crane into the green vacuum of the sea. Only the cable could be seen now as the red hull of "The Linda Lee" had dissolved into the green murkiness. Looking downwards, the cable appeared suddenly out of the dark green and disappeared above him, giving the feeling that he was on a cable floating vertically in the sea. Beside the cable, large round bubbles curled slowly upward and faded into the greenish mist.

Suddenly out of the twilight below him loomed a dark cigar-shaped object to which his cable was attached. With a dull clang that echoed through the hollow submarine, his lead-soled boots struck the deck. The misty mud swirled around him as he released the cable and plodded across the slimy floor to the hatch. Here he banged slowly with a heavy hammer and listened; through the stillness came three faint knocks in reply. A huge grey fish glided slowly by, attracted by the noise as three more knocks were heard.

A sigh of relief burst from Jim as the realization that the men were safe struck him. He picked up the hammer and slowly beat out, "HELP HERE" in Morse Code. This done, he barked into the telephone in his helmet, "Topside, the men are alive. Send down the bell as soon as possible!" Then he waited. After what seemed an eternity a voice faintly announced from the monotonous hissing of the air, "Roger, it will be down in five minutes."

No sooner had these few words faded away into oblivion when Jim set to work. With a huge wrench he carefully unbolted the catch which fastened the escape hatch to the deck. The last bolt had just been unfastened when something firmly grasped his

shoulder and slid upwards around his neck. With a start Jim spun around, agitating the mud in a mist around him and making invisible anything lurking near him in the green shadows. Slowly the mud settled and out of the translucent surroundings stepped Bill Dew, Jim's diving partner.

Hand in hand to keep from being separated, they plodded slowly towards the stern of the submarine, leaning into the current. As they advanced slowly and cautiously, schools of multi-coloured fish swam hurriedly by and disappeared. After them came a huge grey shark, gliding slowly, and peering at the men with cold beady eyes. As it faded into the darkness, they put their sharp knives back into their sheaths and gave a sigh of relief.

Hardly had these sighs died away when a large, black, menacing object descended upon them. Closer and closer it came. Suddenly it hit the deck at their feet with a loud, dull clang, rocking the submarine. Quickly Jim flashed word upwards that it had missed the target completely. Accordingly it rose a few feet, suspended by a cable which appeared to be connected to nothing, swayed back and forth like a pendulum a few times, and then with marvellous luck, dropped upon the unlocked hatch. Then a cloud of mud swirled upwards as the water between the hollow bell and the hatch was pumped out. Finally the water was all outside, the lights were turned on, and the rescuing was started.

Bill stood at the window of the bell, staring into the interior. Slowly the hatch opened in reply to Jim's signals, and a man, pale, weary, and unshaven, crawled out and seated himself on the bell's bench. After him came more and more men, all in the same half-dead condition, until the bell was almost filled. Again Jim, sitting in the misty mud on the deck, tapped a message into the interior of the submarine. There was no answer; the submarine was finally empty.

Realizing this, the survivors closed the hatch and nodded their heads at Bill. Quickly the word to raise the bell flashed upwards and immediately it rose from the deck. Higher and higher into the green mistiness it went, until it faded away completely.

Alone again, Bill and Jim quickly set to work once more. The hatch was bolted on anew to prevent the entrance of water and then the others checked. Afterwards, the whole submarine was carefully explored until a large hole in the prow, the cause of the sinking, was found. Finally Jim picked up the tools, placed them on his belt, and signalled to be hoisted.

With a sudden jerk his feet left the deck and he dangled above the submarine. Slowly he rose until the under-sea era disappeared in the dark green surroundings. Below him nothing could be seen except the bubbles curling upwards from Bill's helmet. Looking upwards, he could see his cable fade away into the misty green of the water and he appeared to dangle from a line which was not attached to anything. Alone, except for the bubbles of his friend who was rising with him, and the cable, he rose slowly through a world of green—a world which extended only a few feet on each side. This world became brighter and brighter as he neared the surface. Its silver ceiling was broken by the reddish, barnacle- and weed-covered bottom of "The Linda Lee". Suddenly he burst through the silver and closed his eyes, blinded by the dazzling sunlight.



## THE TURNING POINT

by David Skoyles—13-A

To the many motorists who sped down Highway 38, the little side road leading to the small but thriving town of Williamsburg was non-existent. At its outset the road made a sharp turn around an immense boulder which blocked all further view from the highway. The inhabitants of Williamsburg and the surrounding countryside had nicknamed the bend, The Turning Point since it represented the point where people turned away from the bustling crowds to enjoy peace and quiet.

The curve was ignored by all the passing motorists—all, that is, except one, Hugh Crawford, travelling salesman for Williamsburg Chinaware Corporation, who was speeding along the highway towards the turning point. To-night marked the formal opening of Accident Prevention Week in Williamsburg and Hugh, president of the safety council, was scheduled to address the citizens in twenty-three minutes. As Hugh veered around the turning point at a speed well in excess of his own recommended speed, a little girl of about five years of age darted out from behind the boulder in front of Hugh's car. The thud of her body followed closely after the screeching of the brakes. Hugh, shaken and unnerved, climbed unsteadily out of his car and stared unbelieving at the crumpled form. Incoherent thoughts raced through his befuddled brain. Here he was, on his way to deliver an address against people like himself. How could he face the citizens of Williamsburg if the truth were known? But must the truth be known? In his present state of mind, any lane of escape appeared inviting. Impulsively he leapt into his car and, avoiding the mangled corpse, he continued on his way to Williamsburg. The realization of what he was doing surged into him and he was about to turn back when he realized that the body might already be discovered. No, he must go through with it now and hope that he would not be discovered.

The town appeared dismal and uninviting as Hugh entered it. Had the town disowned him? He was abruptly brought back to realities by the sharp explosion which originated in his left rear tire. A service station offered immediate shelter for his damaged weapon, and Hugh availed himself of this opportunity. Leaving his car to be repaired, Hugh walked the remaining half block.

Hugh arrived at the auditorium four minutes early and took his place on the platform. As he was waiting for his turn to address the audience, a sudden chill overcame him. Was there any blood on the bumper? If there was, then Mr. Parker would be sure to notice it. Perhaps he had already seen the blood and was even now waiting for an explanation. When news of the death arrived, Mr. Parker could easily guess what had happened. However the girl's overcoat may have shielded the car from blood. There was nothing to do but hope and pray. Pray? That he could never do again.

Another gigantic crisis lay ahead of him. How could he possibly address these people on the importance of careful driving while that poor girl lay dead in the road. He could not, and yet he must!

Finally he resolved himself to the situation and decided to speak as though nothing had happened. Then the chairman was calling on him to deliver his address. Hugh rose unsteadily and walked slowly toward the microphone. The pause before he began was violently interrupted as Mr. Parker ran into the hall. He was shouting about a hit-and-run victim, a little girl, at The Turning Point. The crowd immediately ran out of the building and filled the cars in front of the hall. Hugh felt genuinely relieved as he realized that he would now be spared the anguish of delivering his speech.

For the moment he was safe. But how long would this condition remain. There would be questions asked, investigations conducted, and conclusions drawn. His thoughts were interrupted by Chief Gordon. The latter was asking him to accompany him to the scene of the crime. In view of Hugh's position as president of the Safety Council, he could not refuse without arousing suspicion. Hugh was completely taken aback by the next statement from Chief Gordon. "My car is at home, Hugh. If you don't mind, we'll take yours."

Hugh immediately analyzed this statement, and was very displeased by the almost obvious implication. Chief Gordon wanted to inspect his car with Hugh being aware that he was under suspicion. Chief Gordon knew that Hugh had passed The Turning Point at approximately the time of the crime. After a somewhat lengthy silence, Hugh replied that his car was in the service station to have a flat tire repaired. He studied the chief's face for any reaction which might explain the latter's true intention. But if Chief Gordon suspected anything, he concealed his suspicions.

The two rode to The Turning Point in one of the many cars which were being driven there by inquisitive and angry people. As they approached the spot a chill surged through Hugh, but he braced himself for the ordeal. If he could stand the strain of seeing the body, he would be safe. Slowly he approached the crowd which surrounded the ambulance containing the object responsible for his present dilemma. Then he was mechanically walking through the crowd and gazing down at the dark blue blanket covering the body. Hugh swallowed hard and retained his composure.

Suddenly Hugh was aware of a heart-broken woman weeping copiously. The man beside her, apparently her husband, remained tight-lipped gazing at the spot on the pavement. Tears were appearing in his grey eyes. He blinked to control his emotions and tried, in vain, to console his wife. By this time, Hugh could stand no more and he silently threaded his way back to the car. He wanted to stand up and shout, "it was an accident", but it was too late now.

A new thought suddenly flashed through his mind. By leaving the scene he was divulging his guilt. He was leaving clues which would eventually lead to his arrest. Perhaps being arrested would be the best course of action. At least then he would feel relieved of the great weight pressing on his mind. But a glance at his fellow citizens changed his mind. He could not reveal to his friends that he was a hit-and-run driver, a common criminal. He decided to allow the crime to be solved or forsaken as the Chief wished.

(Cont'd on Page 18)

## THE TURNING POINT

(Cont'd from Page 17)

During the trip back to Williamsburg Chief Gordon was despondent. He finally admitted that he had no clues and could expect none. The skid marks from the car proved nothing as they were a very common pattern. "We are not even positive she was killed there," he sighed in despair. "She could have been killed on the highway and carried there to avert suspicion. The tire marks could easily be added. The entire crime could be completed in less than ten minutes. During this time perhaps no other car had even passed the murder. Hugh realized that the chief suspected nothing. At the service station he received the same good fortune. There was no blood on the car and Mr. Parker seemed to believe that the killer was an outsider since no person from here would do anything that low. Hugh parted company with Mr. Parker and drove off in his repaired car. He was innocent of the crime in everyone's eyes except Hugh Crawford's who could never forgive his own actions.

Hugh believed that a change of scenery would calm his rattled nerves. He invented a business transaction which required his immediate presence in Johnsville. After informing Chief Gordon of his departure, Hugh began driving towards his destination. The same idea kept rushing through his mind—you are running away but you cannot escape your conscience. Turn back now! Beads of sweat appeared on his forehead and he was yelling, "I won't go back; I won't." Suddenly ahead of him on the road, a great rock came into view. At the sight of the turning point Hugh again saw the poor little girl and then her heart-broken parents. As he approached the turning point, he suddenly became calm and uttered "Here is the turning point, the turning point of my life. I can go on living in fear of being apprehended as a criminal. I can go and battle my own conscience for the rest of my existence. Or, I can turn back and confess. At least then I can live in peace with my conscience." Slowly the car came to a halt. Then it turned around and headed in the direction of Williamsburg. Hugh was going back! He was returning to Chief Gordon. At last his conscience had won and had released him.

## NONE BUT THE BRAVE!

by Rosemary Collins—10A

One night, my father and mother went out, leaving me alone with my two younger sisters. Ordinarily I do not worry when my parents leave me, but this particular night, the sky was gloomy and foreboding, and the wind whistled around the corners of the house with a noise that made me shiver in spite of myself. Scoffing at the idea of anybody trying to rob us, I went upstairs and did my homework. My sisters were in bed, but not asleep. This night something told me that an event very out-of-the-ordinary would take place

right in this very house, and the thought that my sisters were awake somewhat comforted me. Glancing at the clock, I noticed it was nine-thirty. "Time to go to bed," I thought, but again that thought of impending disaster ran through my mind. Why couldn't I get rid of it? I was beginning to be really frightened, and I listened for the least suspicious sound. My heart skipped a beat every time the floor creaked. "I mustn't let my fear get the best of me," I sternly told myself as I shut out all the lights and climbed into bed. Yet why did the wind howl so dismally, and why was my heart pounding so? Why did my nerves tighten every time the refrigerator downstairs turned on, and why were my hands as cold as ice and my forehead burning as if I had a fever? All these thoughts crossed my mind as I lay there in the dark room, the light from the street casting eerie shadows on the wall. I must have fallen asleep then for suddenly I woke. What was that noise? Just my imagination! No, there it was again, a steady creak, creak, creak of the cellar stairs as a heavy foot was placed in them. What should I do? What could I do? Hardly realizing that I did anything at all, I ran into my oldest sister's room and called her. Feverishly I told her to listen and see if she could hear anything. Her stare became frightened as she heard the now very near sound of creaking steps. We looked at each other hopelessly. What could we do to defend ourselves? We didn't possess a gun or a sword! Suddenly a bright idea came to me. Grabbing my sister's hair brush, I thrust it into her hands. We both rushed back into my room without pausing to look in at my sister who was sleeping in our parents' room. I seized my brush and we both crouched down behind the door ready to spring. Nobody will ever know what torture I went through waiting for that marauder to reach the upstairs. I pictured in my mind's eye a grotesquely-shaped man with a black mask covering his eyes, two bodies, with only one arm, and armed with a hundred-pound hatchet, sharpened to the nth degree. Steadily upward the stealthy robber came, closer, closer, and then — crash! Down came my arm with the brush on the burglar's head, and down he fell under my blow! "Turn on the lights, quick!" I said to my sister. Then I gasped. Then I started to laugh, and I laughed so hard, I collapsed on the floor. My sister wondering at my strange behaviour, looked at the unconscious man, and she too gasped. Soon she was rolling on the floor and both of us laughed until our other sides ached. When we were sufficiently recovered, we called our other sister and explained the whole thing to her. She ran back into the bedroom and called, "Mummy, look what Rosemary and Sheila did to Daddy. They thought he was a burglar." Soon everybody was laughing at the accident, that is, everybody except my father, who was left moaning on the floor of the hall.

## POETRY

### MY PRAYER

It is my joy in life to find  
At every turning in the road  
The strong arms of a comrade kind.  
To help me onward with my load;  
And since I have no gold to give,  
And love alone must make amends,  
My only prayer is while I live  
God make me worthy of my friends.

1st Senior Prize

Rose Dorko, 11A

### DOG

The greatest day in the life of a boy,  
That day, when his heart will be pounding for joy;  
It's not a new train; it's not even a toy,  
It's the day that he gets his dog.  
"Jimmy," says Dad, "just see what I've got!"  
And Jimmy looks up, and he's glued to the spot  
He stutters and stammers; he's just overwrought  
But he finally says, "Golly! A dog!"  
Jim is really surprised for his Dad had said "No,  
It's impossible, son; it's the neighbours you know—  
He would be on a chain, and to treat a pup so  
Would be very unfair to the dog."  
Well here's how it happened that Jimmy got "Skip"  
The first step was calling his Dad "and old gyp"  
Then father got cross; he said, "None of your lip!"  
Yet he thought, "Jimmy should have a dog."  
Well, the dog's here at last, yet the trouble's not past  
In fact it's just really begun!  
But since we got "Skipper" our Jim is a ripper  
And he's constantly having his fun.

Doug. Johnstone, 13B

### TRANSFORMATION

Over the forest covered with snow  
The moon shines bright in the sky,  
The air is crisp, and the wind is low  
And the trees seem to murmur and sigh.  
The flowers beneath their blanket of white  
Are patiently waiting for spring,  
For She will then put old Winter to flight  
And remove their white covering.  
Then they will appear with freshness obtained  
Their beauty once more unveiled,  
To shout to the world their joy unrestrained  
Though unlike us with lips that are sealed.

2nd Senior Prize

Raymond Yaworsky, 11A

### DREAMERS

Dreams are like a daisy  
Whose petals come and go;  
Dreams are fairy matter  
Of love, of life, and, oh,  
It's nice to have a fairy prince  
Or castle on a hill;  
But I awaken from my dreams —  
A lonely school girl still.

Mitzi Koch, 12C

### "THE GREEN DOOR"

— A Study in Suspense —

The green door is closed;  
Alone I sat in the gloomy little room.  
There was no clock upon the wall,  
No way to tell how soon.  
My time would come, I was sure of that —  
And yet, how nervously I sat!  
My frightened glances darted 'round  
And this is what I found:  
The room, I said before, was small,  
The walls were a dingy grey,  
There were no windows, just the door —  
My only means of escape!  
I stood up, my body tense —  
If it should open now —  
But no, a smile came to my lips,  
The green door remained closed.  
I then began to pace the room  
Back and forth I walked —  
My poor head was in a spin,  
My hands were icy cold,  
No longer could I bear the thought  
"What am I to behold?  
How much longer must I wait  
For what did I expect?" —  
And the green door slowly opened,  
And the dentist said "you're next."

James Shynkar, 13B

### THE STORM

On the coast of the Maritimes the rocks are so high,  
They force the waves to bound to the sky;  
The little ships going up and down,  
Not conscious that a storm was around.  
The savage winds whirled madly round a ship,  
Making the strong white sails dip;  
The sky, painted a beautiful blue,  
Once matched this ship, when it was new.  
The freezing waves o'erpowered the craft,  
And the Captain shouted, "Man the raft!"  
Then suddenly as the ship began to shift,  
The men set out, in the storm, to drift.  
The ship was left to mend its ways,  
Was soon o'erpowered by the angry waves;  
The storm content with its helpless prey,  
Quickly subsided and vanished away.  
The poor sailors knew that they soon would die,  
But out in the distance they heard a sharp cry;  
The sailors now spirited and full of faith,  
Soon reached the shore, thankful and safe.  
Out in the distance the sky became clear,  
But the ship lay beneath never to reappear;  
The gulls out at sea flew over the grave,  
Of the ship that was sunk by a heartless wave.

David Silver, 10C

This award is for attaining second place in the poetry contest for the junior school. A high standard of excellence in keeping with the age and experience of the contestants is the aim of the editorial staff; the poets of the future are in our high schools today. Kennedy has "a little crop" of them that need to be cultivated. Better luck next year! H.H.



## REMINISCING

As one who sits at evening  
 O'er a Kencoll all alone,  
 And looks upon the faces  
 Of the friends that she has known,  
 So I turn the leaves of fancy  
 And in shadowy design,  
 I see familiar faces  
 Of those old school-mates of mine.  
 I can see the lofty towers  
 And the clinging, creeping vine  
 That grew above the archway  
 Of that dear old school of mine.  
 As I enter through the doorway,  
 And gaze upon the wall,  
 I can see the plaque and honour roll,  
 "Yes", Kennedy answered the call.  
 As I wander down the hallway  
 With a step so soft and slow,  
 I can see the pile of snow boots  
 That Mr. Gilbert disliked so.  
 Ahead, a door is open,  
 And beyond it I can see,  
 The old familiar swimming pool,  
 Where many good swims had we.  
 I climb the stairs with eager feet,  
 To find again once more,  
 The shelves of books with covers worn  
 Beyond the Library door.  
 As I saunter down the halls again,  
 With class-rooms left and right,  
 I see and hear the joyous shouts  
 Of fun on "Stardust Nite".  
 But, ah! my dream is shattered  
 By the striking of the chimes,  
 And I gently put aside my thoughts  
 Of Kennedy and old times.

Barbara Loughheed, 11A

## TO MR. FOX

In Chemistry we have such fun,  
 We drop some in, and then we run.  
 It sizzles, pops, and then destroys  
 Our test-tubes, desks, and all our poise.  
 "Oh, Mr. Fox," we loudly shout,  
 "My test-tube has just lost this bout."  
 Our card is punched so very neat,  
 But gee, our wallets sure look beat.  
 "Now take a piece and heat it slow,  
 And you will be surprised I know."  
 Yes, we believe you, teacher dear,  
 But poison gas is what we fear.  
 Your note book should be kept up right,  
 Your gas-jet must be turned off tight.  
 No acid should you spill to-day,  
 For on the morrow you will pay.  
 A minor burn does little harm,  
 And smelly gases have their charm.  
 For if you practise in 12A,  
 You'll find that Chemistry's O.K!

June Prophet, 12A

## 'TAS GOD WHO MADE A RAINDROP

'Twas God who made a raindrop  
 So clean, so clear, so bright,  
 He painted rainbow raindrops

To sparkle in the light;  
 The blue, the pink, the purple hues  
 Are blending with his touch,  
 To make a thing so simple,  
 He loved it very much.  
 And then God added music,  
 A voice to every drop:  
 Hush! singing hear those voices,  
 I hear a drip, drop, plop.  
 How small, these gentle drops from God,  
 Could they have been once red?  
 Sure 'tis the drops that fell from thorns  
 Which were on Jesus' head.

Mitzi Koch, 12C

## MY QUANDARY

I think that I shall write a poem  
 But I don't know where to start;  
 Shall I write about my class  
 Or perhaps about my heart?  
 Not long ago I met a girl,  
 That's not so strange you know;  
 Around our school they're everywhere,  
 Everywhere you go.  
 Now she is of a different type  
 So very kind and sweet,  
 I like to think that just we two  
 Were made that we might meet.  
 For teachers, books, for work not done,  
 We have not any care,  
 But often on a Monday morn'  
 We offer silent prayer.  
 But I'm afraid there's just one thing  
 That sometimes brings a tear;  
 If we go on the way we have  
 We'll both be back next year!

Keith Allen, 13B

## THERE IS A BRIDGE

There is a bridge that man has built  
 With girders of the mind;  
 Its buttresses are stronger than  
 All steel and stone combined.  
 There is a bridge that spans the years  
 As valour spans the sea,  
 A banister of stars that leads  
 Beyond eternity.  
 This timeless bridge of which I speak,  
 This stairway of the sky,  
 Will one day guide man's spirit home  
 When dusk has put him by.

Margaret Zsibuk, 13A

## GUIDANCE

We all take our hats off to Mr. Brown for the splendid work he has done this year in the guidance course! The excellent series of speeches that have been given by local men and women proved very helpful to our students, and are greatly appreciated. Our thanks go especially to those people who so willingly gave up their time to help us in deciding our careers. Our gratitude goes to Mr. Chapman who spoke on Law; Mr. Monroe who spoke on Journalism; Mr. T. S. White who spoke on "Teaching as a Career".

## THE EXCHANGE

by Sylvia Dubchuk

The Exchange Editor wishes to thank all the high schools of Western Ontario, for sending their school magazines to Kennedy Collegiate. Through the exchange of school magazines we endeavour to produce a better understanding among our students; we attempt to preserve the friendship between our school and yours, and we hope to receive and give helpful ideas which will improve our magazines. In this column we would like to offer a few words or criticism, praise, and helpful hints to you in Western Ontario who have so readily submitted to the exchange of school magazines.

"The Lampadion"—Elmira High School, Kitchener, Ontario, should be commended on their fine work. The interest the school takes in their magazine is well illustrated by their class news and humorous articles. One extraction from the "Jokes" section is the following:

"It's the little things that bother  
And put us on the rack  
You can sit upon a mountain  
But you can't sit on a tack."

"The Monocle"—Simcoe High School. This is a magazine of which the staff can be very proud. Their clever idea of having quotations, and short jokes between the advertisements, makes one more willing to look at the ads. Keep up the good work "Monocle"!

"The Towers"—W. D. Lowe Vocational, Windsor, Ontario. The small cartoons in each corner of the pages as well as a page for autographs is a splendid idea. Exceptional care in developing clear pictures is seen throughout the magazine. May we suggest that you have the graduates' pictures with the thumbnail sketches beneath each picture?

"The Oracle"—Woodstock Collegiate and Vocational School. The pictures of the graduates are a fine example of some splendid photography. May we suggest thumbnail sketches to enlighten your readers more?

"Le Raconteur"—Westgate High, Hamilton, Ontario, comme leur habitude, produced a fine magazine with their outstanding blue cover, gold lettering and a sketch of two students hurriedly preparing for classes. We would appreciate a small section entitled "Exchange" in order to help out our magazine. How about it, "Le Raconteur"?

"The Vulcan"—Central Technical School, Toronto, Ontario, has an impressive cover, displaying a part of Toronto in colour. The contents were exceedingly interesting, with the fine language and literary sections, and splendid pictures on student activity.

"The Spartologue"—Sandwich Collegiate, Windsor, Ontario. You have a very effective cover centralized by your school crest and done in your school colours of red and white. Their section on "Did You Know" is very interesting not only to Sandwichites but to all other Windsorites.

"The Kencoll" Exchange would like to acknowledge and thank the other schools of Western Ontario for adding to our library of School Magazines, such as:

"The Hermes"—Humberville Collegiate, Toronto; "The Collegian"—Stratford; "Eastern Echo"—Ingersoll Collegiate, Ingersoll; "The Avalanche"—Long Branch, Ontario; "Hello"—Brantford Collegiate; "The Patrician"—Patterson Collegiate, Windsor; "The Blue and White"—Walkerville Collegiate, Windsor, and "The Times"—Kingston Collegiate, Kingston.

### "As A Chemist Sees Her"

Analysis of the creature (?) known as woman, as seen through the eyes of a chemist:  
Symbol: Wo.

Accepted Atomic Weight: 120 lbs.

Physical Properties: Boils at nothing, freezes at any minute, melts when properly treated.

Occurrence: Wherever man exists.

Chemical Properties: Possesses great affinity for gold, silver, platinum and precious stones. Violent reaction if left alone. Turns green when placed beside a better looking specimen.

Uses: Highly ornamental. Is probably the most effective income-reducing agent known.

Caution: Highly explosive if in inexperienced hands.

—The Collegian

Dresses lower  
Prices higher  
Vise versa  
I desire

—The Towers

A gossip is a person who talks to you about others;  
A bore is one who talks to you about himself;  
A brilliant conversationalist is one who talks to you about yourself—Anon.

—"The Monocle"

Compliments of

**CHARLES STROUD  
BEAUTY SALON**

C. H. SMITH CO.

— Sporting Goods For All Games —

Compliments of



SHOES — SPORTING GOODS — LUGGAGE



# SOCIAL



R.A.F.

## DEAR DIARY

by Patt Barnum

September 17, 1948

Dear Diary:

Well a new school year began not too long ago and tonight the social season of the school year began in the form of one of the well-known "Stardust Nights". The programme included an hour of swimming, movies for an hour, and dancing till eleven-thirty. There was coke, for everyone interested. The evening was certainly a huge success.

September 24, 1948

Dear Diary:

It seems that it is now the correct time to welcome the first formers into the school in proper fashion. The fifth form girls decided that they would give a party for their freshman sisters and to-night that party was held. Starting at seven the first formers began arriving; they were greeted at the door by a committee of girls who found out their names and wrote them down. The girls then pinned their name tag on their blouses so that everyone knew who they were. The feature of the evening was a fashion show put on by fifth formers to show their younger friends what not to wear to school. Finally the girls all went up to the cafeteria for hot-dogs, coke and ice cream.

The idea for a first form party is really first rate. Next year we hope that not only will the girls put on a party but that the boys will feel their responsibility to do the same sort of thing for the first-form boys.

October 1, 1948

Dear Diary:

Tonight was another "Stardust Night" but there was no film because of the football game. The dancing commenced about nine and continued till eleven-thirty. The students all enjoyed the evening very much, most of them coming in to dance after the games at the stadium. Mr. Laframboise is certainly to be congratulated for the splendid job he does on the evenings.

October 15, 1948

Dear Diary:

Tonight another big football game was played in the stadium and as happened before, a "Stardust Night" followed this game. There was quite a crowd on the floor, dancing to the music of Glenn Miller,

Stan Kenton, Vaughn Monroe and many more (all by record, of course). As usual we all more than enjoyed ourselves.

October 22, 1948

While tons of interesting things have been happening in and around school, the football team has been practising and tonight we had another game. Of course we all enjoyed the game and we enjoyed it even more after the game as we held another (you guessed it) another "Stardust Night." They seem to be getting more popular all the time. The music was excellent, as usual, and the crowd thoroughly enjoyed the whole evening.

October 29, 1948

Dear Diary:

Here it is almost Hallowe'en and even though we are a little old to be going out ringing doorbells, still we can celebrate the event. Well tonight we certainly did celebrate. The "Stardust Night" that we occasionally enjoy was converted into a special Hallowe'en Masquerade Dance for the students. There was a Grand March of the costumed patrons and then they were judged by the applause of the audience. The winners were Gerald Ulch and Henry Sadai. The dancing then continued until the usual time. Golly, everybody really enjoyed themselves and everybody knew that there was an extra meaning behind the dance.

November 25, 1948

Dear Diary:

This afternoon, the first tea-dance of the season was held in the Boy's Gym. It was called the "Cider Swing" an annual affair at the school now. Although there was not any cider for those who danced to the strains of the leading orchestras, there was plenty of Coke. The gym was decorated with bunches of corn stalks and the prizes for the winner of the spot dance and elimination dances all received big red apples and a bottle of Coke. The gang that was there really enjoyed themselves.

December 3, 1948

Dear Diary:

Another Friday and another big night at Kennedy. There was a complete "Stardust Night", swimming, movies and dancing. The floor was packed for dancing and the movie was almost "Standing Room Only". The kids really enjoy Stardust Nights.

December 17, 1948

Dear Diary:

This really has been a big night. The annual Commencement Dance was held in the gym tonight amid the gay Christmas decorations. On entering the gym the students were immediately struck with the beauty of the decorations. Gently floating overhead were hundreds of snowflakes, artificial of course, to remind everyone that, although the weather outside was not Christmas-like, the weather inside was really what December should be like. In the centre of the floor a Christmas tree sparkled gayly and on the backboards, the baskets were transformed into holders for many brightly wrapped Christmas gifts. The bandstand was, however, the centre of attention. It looked for all the world like a dream that a child might have or like the "vision of sugar plums" which danced in the heads of the sleeping moppets in the Christmas poem.

On either side of the bandstand there stood two huge red and white striped candy canes flanking a striped sucker. Beneath the snow, which never fell, danced several hundred happy guests while, twinkling above them, amid the snow was a beautiful new crystal ball. This ball was our Christmas present from Mr. Tommy Gordon.

Those who so kindly lent their patronage were: Mr. M. W. Ryan, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Fox, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Ward, Mrs. L. L. May, Miss J. M. Gray, Miss M. Ritchie, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Barnum, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. White, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Buck, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Blair, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Green, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Hoshier, Dr. and Mrs. W. M. Wilson.

February 4, 1949

Dear Diary:

Things were especially exciting for all of the Kennedy students and their friends, for after the basketball games at Assumption, which we won, a dance was held in the Kennedy gym. It was a very unusual dance due to the fact that it featured the Hal Campbell Orchestra, but was admission free to all the students. The dance ran from nine-thirty to twelve-thirty and was enjoyed by all. Acting as patrons were Mr. Ryan, Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Bishop, and Mr. Laframboise.

March 18, 1949

Dear Diary:

Tonight the biggest dance of the school year was held in the gym. It was the annual K-Hop, a roundabout which proves that girls certainly are more aggressive than boys. There were students from all over the city enjoying the music of Hal Campbell's Orchestra. The decorations were beautiful, done completely in blue and gold, Kennedy's colours.

## THE ROVING REPORTER REPORTS ON CONDITIONS AT KENNEDY

One of the favourite subjects for discussion concerns improvements on the school, and so, as a topic for the Roving Reporter, "Improvements In Kennedy Collegiate" was put to some of our students.

The first interview was with Don Jennings, a third form student. Don felt that the athletic equipment could be put to greater use outside of school hours and that the games could be better attended. For the latter, he suggested that each student become an OOPSNSSIKER and support the school spirit club whole-heartedly.

"Outside of having a permanent telephone book in the 'phonebooth' Donna Tobin from 10 replies, 'I think that the mirrors in the dressing rooms could be a little larger. It takes such a long time to fix your hair and you simply have to see where you are putting it!!'"

Next approached was Earl Fletcher. Being a first former, he says that he becomes confused, to say the least, with all the different types of papers to be signed. We have the "pink slip" the "blue slip" and now "the little white slip." Earl suggests that something should be done to combine the three into one.

While we were interviewing Earl Fletcher, someone fortunately spotted "the" girl of 13B, Peggy Buck, and we got her opinions on the subject. Peggy, another firm backer of the School Spirit Club, suggested many ways for improving the "get-and-go" of our school. Among the methods were the ideas of more advertising throughout the school, increased high-pressure salesmanship of tickets, and greater support of both boys and girls teams.

"I think that there should be more assemblies," says Jack Wall from 12A, "and that classes should be appointed to take charge on a certain date. This was done a few years ago and worked out fine. We should start this method again!"

When we approached third form Isabel McDowell, we had a good idea what was coming. Although a greater variety of library books, and a P. A. system in good working condition were suggested, the main part of the discussion centred around a school auditorium. Isabel is quite certain that nothing will be done about this matter until we, the students make the first move. Naturally she is in favour of starting to pave the way now.

Jack Brady couldn't think of any improvements, for he says that he likes Kennedy just as it is. However, he did think of just ONE thing.

"Don't you think that something should be done about the long sidewalks leading up to the school? It seems such a long way to run when the bell is about to ring."

Frank Bowers from 12 suggested that the halls be opened at 12:45 rather than 12:50, to allow us more time at our lockers. He also thinks that wonderful atmosphere could be created in the cafeteria with the aid of music. It sounds like a good idea, although slightly impractical.

More ideas for the cafeteria came from Marion Jewell. She would like to see more chairs for the students, and thinks that a shorter lunch hour would be a great improvement. This would make our afternoon classes shorter and we would be let out earlier!!!

In summing our little interviews up, we might state that each person, although he could find some small fault, preferred Kennedy to any other Collegiate. We have something to be proud of!

# Mr. Gilbert at Olympic Games.



WEMBLEY  
Stadium  
London, England



19



48



Girls' Track



MEN'S Track



WRESTLING

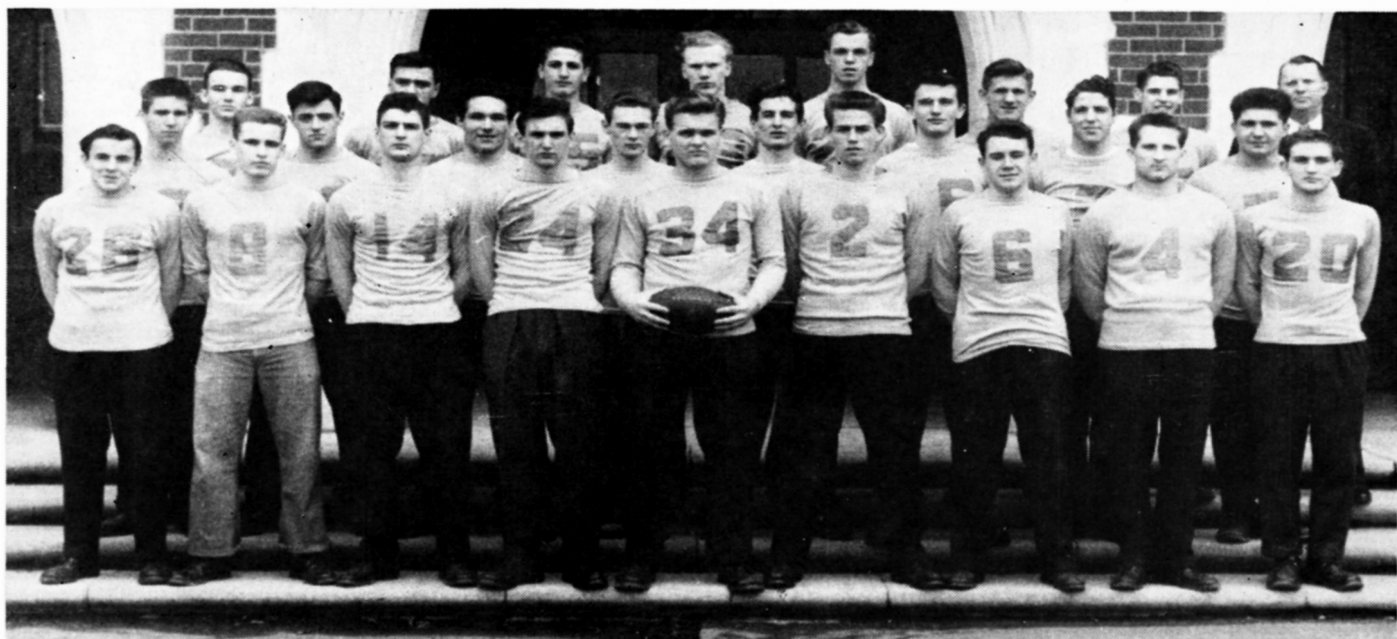


Weight Lifting

FB



## BOYS SPORTS



SENIOR FOOTBALL

Back Row, left to right: J. MacWilliam, H. Horowitz, J. Frangakis, E. Elford, R. Stephen, E. Sulyok, J. Wall, Mr. Chapman.  
Middle Row, left to right: R. Widders, N. Byer, M. Peter, R. Lajewski, W. Stefanczyk, W. Harrison, M. Essery, L. Muzzin.  
Front Row, left to right: D. Shynkar, A. McLaren, R. Sovran, R. Truant, M. Moiseshyn (Capt.), R. Ledgley, J. Brady, O. Chanko, D. Buckner.

EDITOR - RAY TRUANT

— REPORTERS: —

Football — Bob Ledgley

Senior Basketball — Louis Veres

Soccer — Louis Veres

Junior Basketball — Matt Borowiec

Track and Field — Don Smith

Hockey — Shynkar and MacWilliam

### SENIOR FOOTBALL

by Bob Ledgley

With Mr. Chapman, coach of many former Kennedy Collegiate championship football teams, coaching the team this year after an interval of several years, the senior football squad began conditioning as soon as school resumed in the fall. Coach Chapman assembled a green team out of a large group which tried for a berth on the squad. The 1948 Grid Edition of the Clippers was composed of boys who had little or no previous experience in Intercollegiate football. In a pre-season game the Clippers downed a strong Kennedy Grad team by the score of 6-0.

Before the W.S.S.A. competition got under way, Patterson, Assumption, Walkerville, and Sandwich were favoured to capture the four play-off spots. In the first league game Kennedy faced Lowe Vocational and in a poor showing, caused chiefly by nervousness, fell before the weak Lowe aggregation by the score of 6-0. The following week, the team undertook to defeat a strong Assumption team on the worst possi-

ble football field imaginable. A very heavy rainfall had left the field completely under water. For the first half our boys held their own, the score being 6-7 at half time. Kennedy had kept Assumption in their own end of the field for most of this half and the third quarter, but in the fourth quarter the only pass Assumption had been able to complete all night, set up a touchdown and our boys went down to defeat a few minutes later by the score of 12-6. The following week the team was again defeated, this time by Patterson. Ahead in the first half our boys were unable to hold the lead and were on the short side of an 18-11 score.

Realizing they had to win the remaining games or be eliminated, the team played inspired football during the rest of the schedule. Walkerville was upset by the score of 7-6 and Sandwich was our second victim 7-0. After the completion of the schedule Kennedy, Sandwich and Walkerville were tied for the last two play-off spots and Kennedy drew Walkerville in a sudden death game for the last spot. Our boys played superb ball in this game, particularly the line, which was magnificent. The great "goal-line-stand" was one of the standout points of the game. Walkerville with the ball on Kennedy's 1-yard line could not go over for the touchdown after three tries, and Kennedy went on to win 9-1.

Patterson and Kennedy faced each other in the semi-final on a rain-soaked field covered with water and mud. The team put on a fine showing and outplayed Patterson throughout the whole game—only to lose due to a few bad breaks, a recalled Kennedy touchdown and a hundred-to-one chance, an on-side

kick which Patterson caught behind the goal line. The line again played exceptional football but Kennedy went down in defeat 11-5 for the third straight defeat in three years in the semi-finals by Patterson.

Kennedy had one of the best lines in the city, especially in the last games. The line-work was the thing feared most by Kennedy's opponents. Spear-headed by big Bill "Moose" Moisesyn at snap the line worked smoothly for the latter part of the season. Bill was captain and the only Kennedy player to gain a berth on the All-city Football team. "Turk" Stefanyczk, Otto Chanko, Bob Forester at ends, J. Brady and B. Ledgley at middles and W. Harrison, R. Stephens and R. Meretsky at insides completed the line. In the backfield Ray Truant and A. McLaren called the signals for the rest of the crew, R. Sovran, B. MacWilliam, "Choo-Choo" Welychko, M. Essery, E. Sulyok, M. Peter, D. Shynkar and Jack Wall. The rest of the squad was composed of S. McKay Frangakis, "Pork-Chop" Muzzin, Buckner, Elford Byer, D. Lajewski, Cardinal, Horowitz, Lucas, Widders and Musy.

Mr. Chapman was ably assisted by Glen "Goose" Goslin who helped coach the line. Mr. Chapman should be congratulated for the fine job he accomplished with this year's Clipper team. Next year should be the one for Kennedy as most of the boys are returning. The fellows on the team should be congratulated for their fine showing this year, and here's wishing success to them in '49.

## SENIOR BASKETBALL

by Louis Veres

The 48-49 basketball season proved a very good one for the Kennedy Clippers. Although they did not win the championship, the Blue and Gold cage quintet were very successful. It is enough to say that the Clippers went through the season with but one set back. This record was good enough to put them on top of the league.

The Clippers started the season on the wrong foot losing to the powerful Patterson team 44-25. The Kennedy squad was not discouraged, however, and the following week the Senior Clippers subdued the Walkerville Tartans 36-29. Truant led the attack with ten points.

Having won and lost one game in the spacious Kennedy gym, the Blue and Gold prepared to invade the Riverside cagesters. After a slow first half the Kennedy Seniors opened up and drubbed the Riverside quintet 54-29.

The fourth game of the seven game schedule was at Kennedy. The Kennedy five proved too much for the Rough Riders winning 43-22. The following week the Blue and Gold played at Assumption. Pre-game statistics showed Assumption favoured to win. The game opened slowly, each team waiting for the breaks. At half time the Clippers were down 9 points. At the start of the second half the Clippers hooped four quick baskets to put them back in the ball game. It became a see-saw struggle, but at the final whistle Kennedy emerged victorious. The final score was 33-32. Truant, Wilson, and Veres spear-headed the attack with nine points each. Elek Sulyok and Ron Stephens played fine defensive games.

With three quarters of the season gone, the Kennedy Seniors played host to St. Joseph. The Blue and Gold hoopsters downed St. Joseph's by a wide margin, 44-27.

The final game saw Kennedy eke out a 44-41 overtime decision over Sandwich. Sandwich led all the way until the final minutes of the game. With five seconds to go the score was tied, forcing the game into overtime.

In the overtime some fine basket work by Wilson and Sulyok won the game and league championship for Kennedy.

## SEMI-FINALS

In the semi-finals the Clippers played Patterson at Assumption. This game proved to be the worst game played by the Blue and Gold five. Although the Clippers fought hard, luck was against them and they were defeated 34-19.

Many thanks must go to Mr. (Arch to the team) Green, a great coach, who gave untiring assistance to his team. It was a job well done.

Thanks must also go to the members of the team who were: Ron Stephens (Captain), Ray Truant, Elek Sulyok, Bill Wilson, and Louis Veres. Very capable substitutes were found in such fellows as Barry Deneau, Bob Ledgley, Albert Rekush, Allister McLaren, Bob Scoren, Edward Gillis, and Gord Moir.

### RON (Scotsman) STEPHENS—

Age 19. Height 6'3". Ron is centre of the team. Because of his height and spring in his legs he was very valuable under the basket. Ron is one of the main factors that caused Kennedy to finish on top of the league.

### RAY (Shorty) TRUANT—

Age 18. Height 5'11". Shorty is left forward on the team. He was high scorer on the team due to his aggressiveness and accurate left-handed set shot.

### BILL (Mort) WILSON—

Age 18. Height 6'1". William is guard on the team. Bill is noted for his long two-handed shot. William is also a good guard as he proved in the Sandwich game in which he held the league's leading scorer to four points.

### ELEK (Hunk) SULYOK—

Age 17. Height 5'11". A guard on the team he is dangerous in the clutches as he proved in the Sandwich game coming through with the winning margin. He is very aggressive and a valuable guard. Elek is noted for his difficult angle shots. Watch him next year!

### LOUIS (Shoemaker) VERES—

Age 17. Height 6'. He is right forward on the team. Louis came up from the Juniors and lacked experience. His best shot is his set and pivot shot.

### BARRY (Razz) DENEAU—

Age 18. Height 5'11". Barry is a difficult man to watch. Because of his speed, he is able to go around his man and put up easy shots. Barry is a calm player and played steady ball throughout the season. ((Hoop that ball boy).





## SENIOR BASKETBALL

Rack Row, left to right: Alister McLaren, Mr. Green, R. Truant, L. Veres.

Front Row, left to right: B. Deneau, R. Ledgley, Bill Wilson, Ron Stephen (Capt.), A. Rekush, B. Scoren, E. Sulyok.

**BOB (Big Red) LEDGELY—**

Age 18. Height 5'11". Bob's best shot is his set shot. Bob is aggressive and should turn into a top notch player.

**ALBERT (Hands) REKUSH—**

Age 18. Height 6'. Rekush has a very good set and long shot. Because of his large hands he is a valuable ball handler. With two years of senior competition behind him he should have a good season in 1949-50.

**GORD (Lover Boy) MOIR—**

Age 17. Height 5'11". Gord came up from the Juniors and did not play as much as expected. Gord has a very good pivot. He shoots from either hand and as a result is a hard man to watch.

**ALLISTER McLAREN—**

Age 18. Height 5'10". Allister is strictly a guard and does a good job of it. His best shot is his set shot.

**ED. (Easy Ed.) GILLIS—**

Age 18. Height 6'3". Ed with one more senior year should finish his high school basketball days in a big way. Because of his height he should be able to take over the centre position without difficulty and make good use of it. Watch him next year!

**BOB (Uke) SCOREN—**

Age 18. Height 6'. Bob's best shot is his set

shot. Bob is very aggressive and an exceptionally good guard.

## TRACK

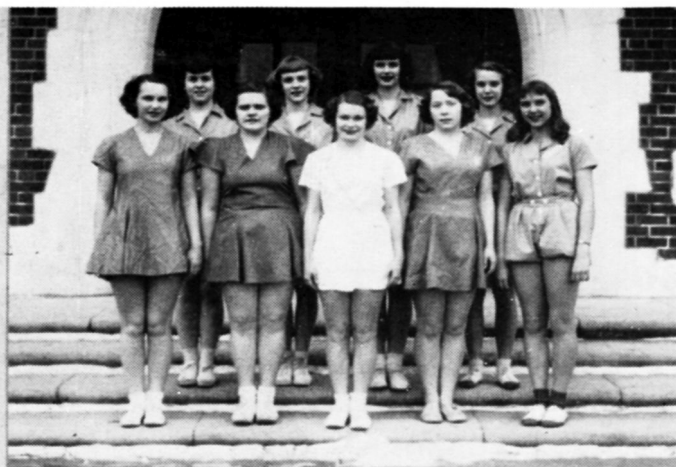
by Don Smith

Last spring Kennedy started off the track season with Archie Green staging the Kennedy Collegiate-Cranbrook High School dual track and field meet, and the International College Invitational track meet. In the High School meet, Cranbrook out-pointed the Kennedy tracksters and in the college meet, Bob McFarlane walked off with top honours for Western by winning the 100 and 440 yard dashes. Point winners for Kennedy in the high school meet were Ron Stephens and J. Wall in the 100 and 220 yard dashes, Don Smith and Bob Scoren in the 440, Carl Deneau in 880 yard, Jim Tisdale and P. Deneau in the hurdles, Bill McCrae in the mile event, and Bob Scoren and Walt Welcheyko in the weights.

After the W.O.S.S.A. meet, Mr. Green took Kennedy's mile relay team composed of C. Deneau, B. Scoren, P. Deneau, and D. Smith to Metra's Western Ontario relays meet in London. They were first in the Ontario one mile relay event with a time of 3.35, nosing out the strong Hamilton Central team, to bring back the London Free Press Trophy and a Western Relays plaque.



GIRLS' JR. VOLLEYBALL



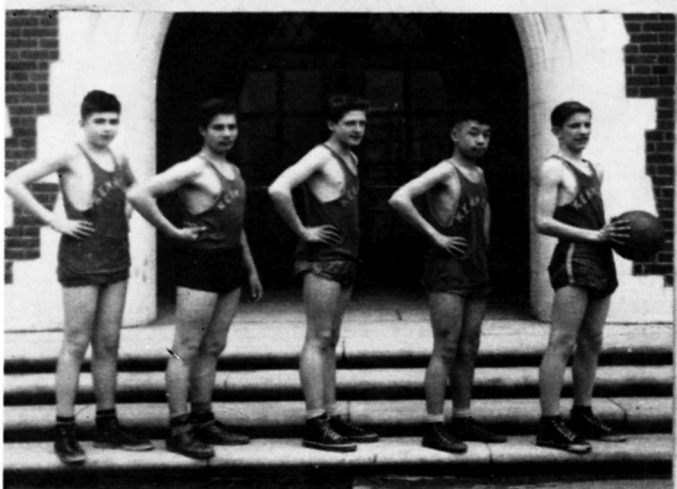
GIRLS' SR. VOLLEYBALL



SENIOR HOUSE LEAGUE



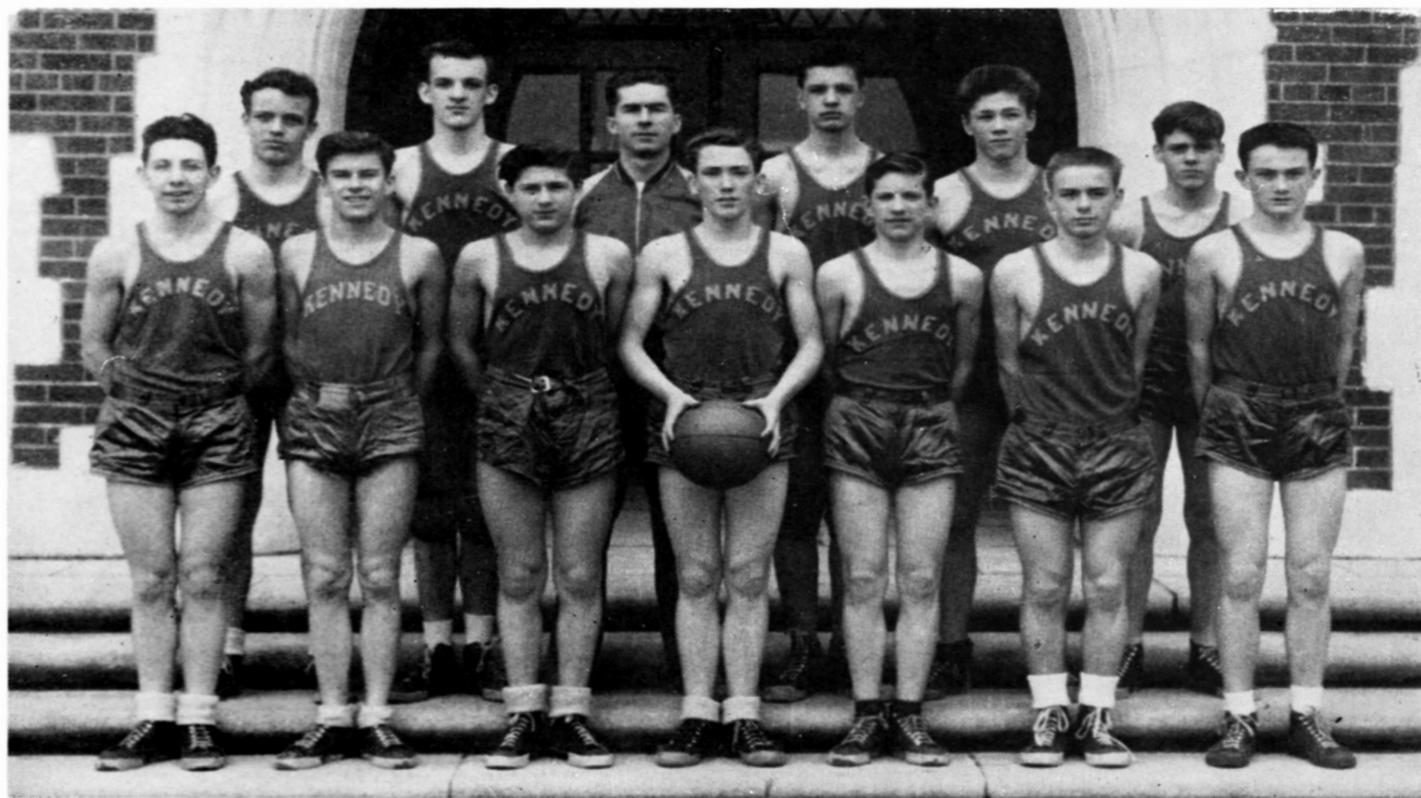
BOYS JUNIOR RUGBY



JUNIOR HOUSE LEAGUE



MIDGET HOUSE LEAGUE



JUNIOR BASKETBALL

Back Row, left to right: John Forsyth, Don Ballantine, Mr. Green, Matt Borowiec, Ted Lucas, Angus Morrison.

Front Row: Doug Towers, Ron Saunders, Charles Safrance, Marv. Larsen (Capt.), Gord Massey, Bob Chick, Kirk Weber.

## JUNIOR BASKETBALL

by Matthew Borowiec

In 1946 Kennedy Collegiate Juniors became W.S.S.A. champions and W.O.S.S.A. finalists. 1947 was a great disappointment as our Juniors, finishing in first place, were handed a setback in the semi-finals. That was the year Archie (Fritz) Green began his reign as Junior coach. The next year, 1948, our Juniors were determined to win. They not only captured the W.S.S.A. championship, but also went on to win the W.O.S.S.A. crown. The jinx was riding the Young Clippers as 1949 found the season of 1947 repeated. Our Juniors, at the end of the schedule, found themselves sitting in the top spot of the league, tied with Patterson. Entering the semi-finals, the Blue and Gold were knocked out by the Assumption Purple Raiders. According to the records, Kennedy should come up with a winner in 1950. The tale I'm here to unfold is that of the 1949 Junior Basketball Squad.

With such talent-laden lads as Louie Veres, Elek Sul-yok, Gord Moir, Allister McLaren and Bob MacWilliams graduating on to higher competition, coach Archie Green had to rebuild his Junior hoop champions almost completely. Starting early this year, Coach Green worked hard to round his cagers into shape. After quite a number of exhibition victories, we apparently were set for the W.S.S.A. schedule, being favoured by the experts to cop the Junior championship again.

In the opening game of the season, with the starting line-up consisting of Marvin (Bad Boy) Larsen and John (Turtle) Forsyth at the forward positions, Donald (Hunky)

Ballantine and Ted (Ape) Lucas at the guard positions, and Matthew (Big Matt) Borowiec playing centre, our Juniors squeezed through a win from our everlasting rivals, Patterson, by the score of 34-32. This game caused much criticism in the Star Letter Box over the poor sportsmanship of the students present at that game.

In the second scheduled tilt, Kennedy tasted defeat handed them by the Walkerville five, the score being 31-28. Through most of the contest Kennedy trailed by two points, until the two minute marker when a foul shot in favour of the Blue and Gold gave them a 28-27 lead. A foul shot and a quick hoop by Walkerville gave them the contest.

The following week Kennedy journeyed to the Riverside court to battle the supposedly weak Rebels. A surprise was in store for the Blue and Gold, for the Rebels were hooping buckets from almost every spot on the floor. At half-time the score was, Kennedy 10, Riverside-25. After a serious pep-talk from Coach Green, our Clippers caught fire late in the last quarter. The Blue and Gold took the lead for the first time that night and stole an action packed thriller from the Rebels by the score of 40-39. (Whew!).

The next tilt saw the Clippers take a walk-away from the poorly formed Lowe Vocational Rough Riders by the score of 46-17. Kennedy was well on their way to a winning streak, defeating St. Joseph's Crusaders by an impressive 51-20. The Blue and Gold were paced to victory by Ted Lucas' great offensive and defensive play. "The Ape" bagged 13 points.

The Clippers' next contest was against the strong and undefeated Assumption Purple Raiders at their new





# SIGNPOST TO THE FUTURE -

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gymnasium, St. Denis Hall. The Fan-shaped backboards and new styled floor had some of the Junior Clippers baffled, especially Big Matt Boroweic, but dependable "Bad Boy" Larsen came through with a most impressive 19 points, to pace our Clippers to a 37-31 victory. Kennedy already had a play-off berth assured as they had a record of five wins against one defeat.

In the final game of the W.S.S.A. schedule, Kennedy tripped the Junior Sandwich Spartans 47-26, thus ending the schedule with a 6-1 record and tying the Patterson Junior Panthers for the leadership of the league.

### THE SEMI-FINALS

Kennedy drew to play Assumption at Sandwich in the semi-finals. Archie Green's understudies grabbed off an early lead which was sliced down till Assumption led at half-time by the score of 18-13. Assumption's tight zone defence on the small Sandwich court had Kennedy's middle guarded too closely. It was a great disappointment to Kennedy students as much as to the Kennedy team itself to hear the last horn of the game. Marv Larsen tried in vain with a personal score of 16 points as Assumption was awarded the contest with a score of 36-32.

On behalf of the Kennedy cagers, I would like to take this opportunity to thank our great Junior and Senior coach Archie Green. His splendid coaching and teaching of the cage game to a selected number of boys to represent the Hon. W. C. Kennedy Collegiate in Windsor Secondary Schools Association Competition was appreciated.

Many of this year's Junior hoop artists will enter into higher competition next year, but back with us will be three of this year's regulars: Lucas, Larsen, and Borowiec.

Thanks should be awarded to the team itself, which consisted of: Don Ballantine, Marv Larsen, Ted Lucas, John Forsyth, Doug Towers, Kirk Weber, Bob Chick, John Drogosz, Gord Massey, Charlie Safrance, Angus Morrison, Ron Hoover, Bill Boyd, Ron Saunders, and Matt Boroweic.

## SOCCKER

by LOUIS VERES

The year 1948 found almost an entirely new soccer team at Kennedy. It is enough to say that the Clippers went through the season with but one set-back. This defeat came at the hands of the Walkerville Tartans.

The season opened against Walkerville. The Blue and Gold held the Tartans scoreless for the first half. In the second half, try as they did, the powerful Walkerville team overpowered the Clippers winning 4-0.

The following week the Clippers played inspired ball to beat the highly tooted Riverside Boosters 2-1. With two games gone the Clippers were host to Patterson. This game proved to be a see-saw struggle with both teams missing numerous chances. The game ended in a 0-0 tie.

The final game was against the Rough Riders. The Clippers took a 2-0 lead but could not hold it. The final score ended at 2-2.

Although the boys did not win the championship they had a very successful season. With most of the fellows coming back in 1950 Kennedy appears ready

for the championship. Watch them next year.

Many thanks must go to our coach Mr. Mahon who gave untiring assistance to his team.

Thanks must also go to the members of the team who were:

Ed (Easy Ed) Gillis—Goalie; John Cooper—Defense; Allan (lover boy) Walsh — Defense; Billy (gypsy) Kaschak — Right Half; Fred Towers—Centre Half; Jim Cowan — Left Half; Louis (Hunk) Veres — Centre Forward; Pete (Yuk) Lozowski — Left inside; Eric (Frenchie) West — Right Inside; Marvin Larsen — Outside Right; Lynn (Points) Johnson — Outside Left.

Capable substitutes were: Towers, Clifford, Lyons, Davy, Thrift, Boyd, Tokarsky, Pucie, Antosko.

A winning team needs school support, something which has never been given to the school soccer team. Soccer is just as much a school sport as football, hockey, basketball or any other school activity and, therefore, should be supported as much. KENNEDY, take a HINT!

## HOCKEY

by Dan Shynkar & Bob MacWilliam

Unlike the previous years, this year's hockey schedule was the longest one yet. Each team met each other twice in the regular schedule. The regular season ended with W. D. Lowe on top, Kennedy second, followed by Patterson, Walkerville, Assumption and Sandwich in that order.

W. D. Lowe chose to play Patterson and Kennedy was to play Walkerville in the two game, total goal semi-finals.

W. D. Lowe was never seriously pressed by the Panthers in either of the two games. Kennedy, who in the regular season had defeated Walkerville twice, lost the first of its two games by the score of 6-5. The outcome of the second game looked dim for the Kennedy squad.

In the second game the Kennedy team discarded the blue sweaters, and donned the gold ones. Whether the gold sweaters brought them luck it is hard to say but they played a far superior brand of hockey than was shown in the previous game. At the final whistle Kennedy was on the victorious end by the score of 6-4 and had fought its way into the finals against Tech. Left winger Bob MacWilliam tallied 5 of the Kennedy goals ably assisted by Maurice Drouillard.

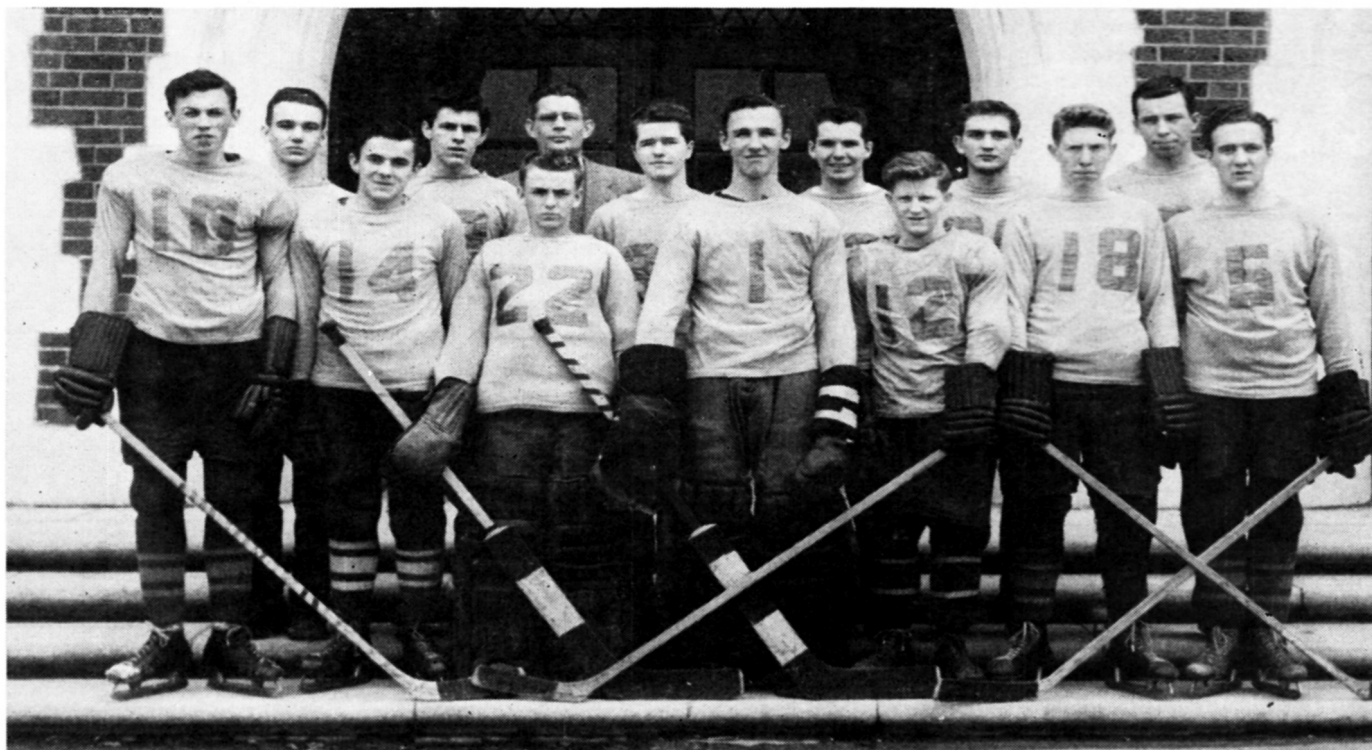
In the first half of the final games against Vocational Rough Riders, the Kennedy squad put up a good fight, but in the final minutes of play lost by the score of 6-4. In the second game of the best two out of three series, the Clippers were again downed, but not without a hard fight to the last minute of play. The score was 6-5.

The success of the team was largely due to the excellent net-minding of their fleet-footed goalie Norm Hallewick.

Appreciations should also go to Mr. Thompson for giving his time in coaching this team.

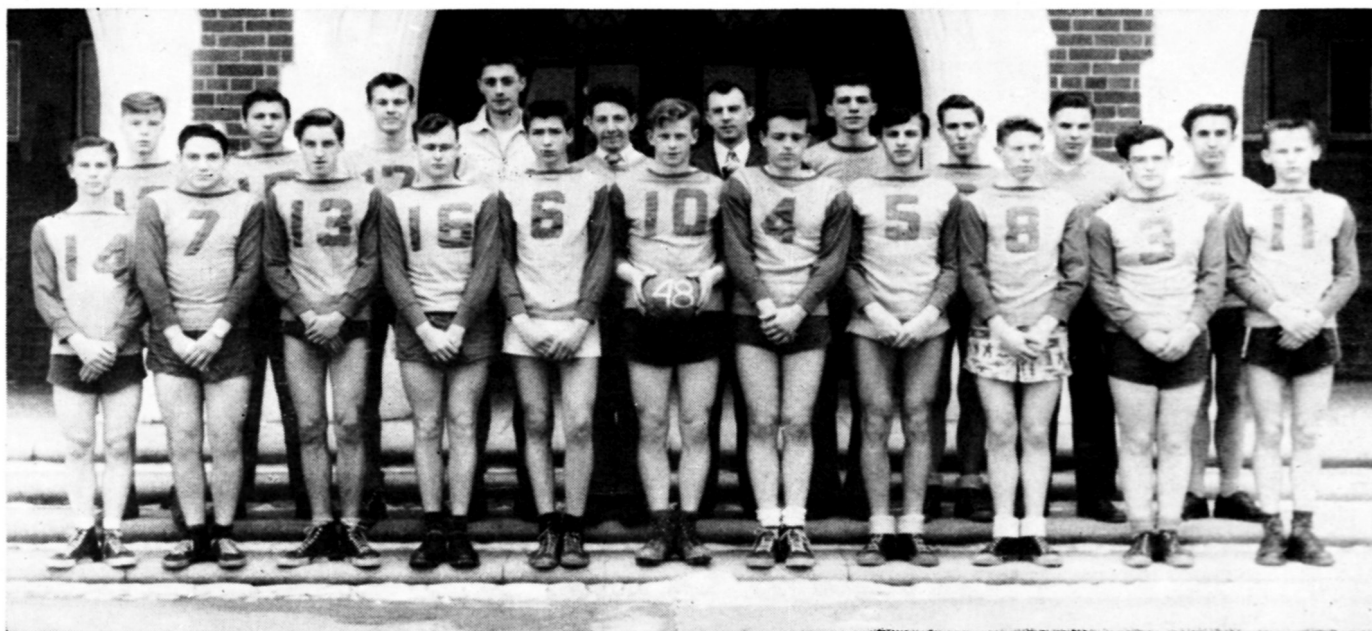
Coach — Mr. Thompson; Players: goal — Norm Hallewick, McGregor; defence — Drouillard, Maynard, Towers, Buckner; forwards — Choyce, Bellanger, MacWilliam, Marshall, Weingarden, Cardinal, Shynkar, Steer, Malcolm, Fawcett, Peterson.





## HOCKEY

Back Row, left to right: Bob MacWilliam, Bob Marshall, Mr. Thomson, Bob Steer, Maurice Drouillard, Douglas Buckner, Bob Maynard.  
Front Row, left to right: Kenneth Fawcett, Dan Shynkar, Stuart McGregor, Norman Hallewick, John Winegarden, Fred Towers, Tom Belanger.



## SOCCER TEAM

Back Row, left to right: E. West, B. Kaschak, J. Cowan, E. Gillis, D. Towers, Mr. Mahon, L. Veres, M. Larsen, G. Davy, E. Lucier.  
Front Row, left to right: J. Thrift, L. Lyons, B. Boyd, C. Clifford, B. Antosko, J. Cooper (Capt.), J. Forsyth, P. Lozowski, F. Towers, A. Walsh, L. Johnston

## GIRLS' SPORT



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Back Row, left to right, Marion Leigh, Joan Flewelling, Vic Pizar, Wanda Cichy, Miss Davis, Leona Brooks, Helen Kulchyski, Grace Fleming.

Front Row, left to right, Joan Storey, Jeannette Rewakoski, Catherine Werte, Marguerite McKenzie (Capt.), Joan McKerrow, Grace Knapper, Irene Frangakis.

## GIRLS' BASKETBALL

by Joan Storey

Which school had the "new look" this season? Those of you who managed to get out and support the team know the answer to this question. Thanks to the Forum, the girls received very sharp gold and blue jackets this season and they were not only the best dressed team in the city but also one of the best teams.

We opened our season with an exhibition game against Essex High School. Kennedy won easily 35-8 and started the year off on the right track.

Our first game on the schedule was against our old enemy Patterson, at Kennedy. The team played well together and succeeded in beating the Pantherettes 17-10. The next week a rather overconfident team watched a Walkerville team beat them 28-18. Determined to do better against Riverside, we set to work and trounced the maidens 41-2 under the leadership of Peggy Buck who took Miss Davis's place. As Miss Davis was still absent we were coached by Peggy again on January 29 when we beat Vocational 19-9. The next game was an exhibition tilt against the Y.W.C.A. This provided us with a good workout for the important Sandwich game. We beat the Y. 25-6. Miss Davis returned that week and set to work preparing for Sandwich. This was the last game of the season and although Kennedy played well they were beaten 28-18. This left the team tied for second

place with Patterson. This playoff was held at Sandwich the following Thursday. Kennedy was eliminated by her arch rival that night 23-12. Special thanks should be given to Miss Davis, our coach: Marguerite MacKenzie, the captain; and Peggy Buck, the Business Manager. The team could not have got along without them.

The members of the team this year are as follows: Marguerite MacKenzie, Jean Riggs, Wanda Cichy, Irene Frangakis, Marion Leigh, Helen Kulchyski, Vicky Pekar, Leona Brooks.

Guards: Grace Knapper, Jeannette Rewakoski, Joan McKerrow, Joan Storey, Grace Fleming, Cathie Werte, Joan Flewelling.

## INTERFORM BASKETBALL

by Irene Yuhasz

At the beginning of January, with each class entering a team, interform basketball got under way. These games were played at noon hour with middle and upper school students acting as referees and umpires and lower school girls as scorers and timekeepers. With fellow students and friends in the gallery the gals played well and hard; out of this group, 12B has shown remarkable co-ordination and achievement, along with the commercial classes 11C<sub>1</sub> and 10C<sub>2</sub>. In interform games, not only were the skills of basketball improved but, also participating gained them a fine sense of team play and sportsmanship.



GIRLS' SWIMMING

Back Row, left to right: Miss M. Ritchie, Miss B. Davis, Mr. A. F. S. Gilbert.

Middle Row, left to right: Doris Crawford, Betty Jean Holland, Ann McCallum, Margaret Lanspeary, Gail Gaut, Mary Kilpatrick.

Front Row, left to right: Grace Fleming, Joan Godfrey, Emma Blair, Roselyn Stone, Pat Gunn, Barbara Steel, Vic Pizar.

## SWIMMING MEETS

HooOray! I can hardly wait! The school swimming comes up soon and then after that, the W.S.S.A. meet. Just about this time Miss Davis is giving the team the benefit of her knowledge in racing starts, diving, style, and relays. Although we have lost some of the members of the championship team, we still expect to down Walkerville. Why, with such girls as Grace Fleming, Marg. Lanspeary, Pat Gunn, Doris Crawford, Marion Leigh, Betty Jean Holland, Joan Godfrey and Barbara Steel in the Juniors, and Shirley Ledgley, Ann McCallum, Emma Blair, Donna Paisley and Roselyn Stone in the Seniors, all from last year's team, there is nothing to do *but* win.

The school meet will determine the team for the city meet. It will select participants for all the events: the grade nine relay, Junior and Senior relays, back stroke, breast stroke and free style. It will choose divers and stylists too. Just come down any time during the following practices and you will see action! Then when the city meet comes along, watch the fur, or should I say water, fly. Kennedy in there leaving the others lengths behind—what a beautiful sight!

Yes, this is what we expect this year, because we still think that shield looks more at home in our trophy cases than in anyone else's. "C'mon team, you gotta win!"

See you at the swimming meets.

—Roselyn Stone

## GIRLS LIFESAVING

—by Roselyn Stone

You've heard the old joke:

Innocent First-former: Are people drowned very often in the pool?

Lofty Fifth-former: No—only once!

However, we are taking steps to change that right now. No, we are not going to let the unfortunate victim drown even once. At present there are some girls enrolled in the Royal Life Saving classes in order to prevent such a catastrophe. The programme is under Miss Ritchie's supervision. Every Monday afternoon the girls meet in the pool for land—and water—drill in release and rescue methods, and artificial respiration for endurance, swimming, and theory. When the examination comes up in May, there will be four instructors, Rita Potts, Sylvia Swalwell, Margaret Lanspeary and Marion Leigh, who will be trying for their instructor's ratings which depends largely upon three quarters of the class receiving the Bronze award. Trying for the Award of Merit at that time will be Joan Godfrey and Pat Gunn.

Best of luck girls, we need more like you.

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## TRACK

Last year the track team got under way the last week in March, practiced hard and in the fourth week of April the school meet was held. In the senior group Violet Mack was the champion with Shirley MacIntyre and Donna Paisley runners-up; in the intermediates, Arden Paisley with runner-up Doris Crawford; and in the juniors Elinor Roule with Beverly Wilson and Ann Hlusak. On May 8, 1948, under the excellent coaching of Miss Davis and stimulating management of Mary Lesperance and Shirley Ledgley, these successful maidens with other track enthusiasts took an active part in the interschool meet. Although they failed to win the championship they gave a superlative showing of track ability.

This year with many of last year's tracksters back again, along with Kaye Werte, Jeannette Taub, Jo-Anne Verwey, Leona Brooks, Jackie MacDonald and Chloe Hoshor, our track team should be in line for a fine track standing in school and city meets.

## INTERFORM VOLLEYBALL

by Irene Yuhasz

The girls of 10C1 were the winners of the inter-form volleyball. This season was a very successful one. The girls of this team showed a great deal of spunk and deserve credit for their accomplishment. We should like to congratulate the captain, Irene Frangakis, for her leadership and all the members of this fine team.

## INTERSCHOOL VOLLEYBALL, SENIOR

by Irene Yuhasz, 13A

Although the girls got off to a poor start at the beginning of the season by losing to Patterson with the score of 33-21, they later improved by uniting their abilities. The team next played Sandwich and won easily by the score of 34 to 12. After winning from Vocational 30 to 13, and Riverside by the score of 31 to 16, the hard-fighting girls lost their second game. The team was very anxious to play against Walkerville because Walkerville was "the team to beat". After a hard played game, the girls lost the game at the score of 26 to 11. The girls won against St. Joseph by the score of 33 to 18.

The team is indebted to Miss Ritchie for her great help in coaching the teams; they found her to be a great help to their efforts in play.

The team captained by Emma Blair, included Chloe Hoshor, Emma Blair, Arden Paisley, Donna Paisley, Joan Storey, Betty Jean Read, Grace Knapper, Pat Goldie, Joan McKerrol, Shirley Ledgley, Grace Fleming and Irene Yuhasz.

## JUNIOR VOLLEYBALL

by Birgit Jacobsen-Nesheim, 10A

Our Junior girls really got out and worked this year with the result that they came sliding into first place! Good going, Juniors! These girls took every game easily; the only game which showed even a little competition was the one with Walkerville, last year's champs. The game ended in a tie and an extra five minutes of play was allowed. During this time, our team showed the results of their hard work by dis-

playing fine team work. They defeated the Walkerville team. These girls should be commended for their good work and thanks are also due Miss Ritchie for turning out such a fine team in her first year at Kennedy.

## RED CROSS WATER SAFETY INSTRUCTORS' COURSE

Through Miss Davis's efforts twenty-four students from Sandwich, Patterson, and Kennedy were able to enroll in Red Cross Water Safety Instructors' School. Mr. W. A. McAdam, director of this division of the Red Cross, directed the school here at Kennedy in the pool once in the lecture room. The course lasted over a period of two weeks and consisted of two hours in the pool Mondays and Wednesdays and four hours in the lecture room Tuesdays and Thursdays. In the pool, the potential instructors reviewed life-saving methods and artificial respiration. They were instructed in class formations, supplementary swimming skills, and use of water-safety equipment and endeavoured to keep their unruly students under control during practice-teaching sessions. During lecture periods, teaching methods were discussed, several films were presented, water-front supervision, and organization and administration of a Water Safety Programme standards were set forth. Before the awards were granted, the candidates were screened as to swimming ability, tested in practical teaching theory and water safety knowledge.

When the blue, red, and white crests were given out, Donna Paisley, Rita Potts, Roselyn Stone, Otto Chanko, Frank Peterson, Ed Shuttleworth, Roger Osborne, and Gerald Durham became Instructors, while Shirley Ledgley, Arden Paisley, Margaret Lanspeary and Ian Paisley became Assistant Instructors. Do you see now what the high grade of efficiency Kennedy students will reach in swimming before long? Upon completion of the course, we all departed, our heads bursting with information and bodies impatient to start right in demonstrating.

By the way, Mr. McAdam was good looking, wasn't he girls?

—Roselyn Stone

## GOLF

by Bill Spencer

For the second consecutive year the Kennedy Collegiate Golf Team won the W. S. S. A. championship and earned for the school the Augustine Golf Trophy. This year the Kennedy team competed with five others schools in the tournament which was held at Roseland Golf Club.

In a qualification round, organized by Mr. Ward, five players were chosen to represent Kennedy in the tournament. The four lowest scores were taken for the team total and Kennedy's team captured top honours with a total of 361. Bob Maynard turned in the lowest score of 87 while Bill Wilson followed with 88, Bill Spencer with 90, Jim Bleasby with 96 and Ed Oleksiuk with 97. Unfavourable weather and the different course accounted for the higher scores as compared with last year's scores. Much credit must be given Mr. Ward who gave his time freely in the organization of the team and in arranging practices for the team before the tournament.



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## KENNEDY---KENNEDY RAH! RAH! RAH!

How many times have we heard this cry resounding in the football stadium? At the assemblies? At the numerous hockey and basketball games? How many times have we stopped to think what a wonderful job our cheerleaders are doing and the amount of time, effort and plain hard work that goes into the making of these cheers? Not only do the cheerleaders try to raise the spirit of the students, but also they give the team a helping hand and they make the team realize there are students behind them and a school which is worth winning for. The cheerleaders, who are under the supervision of Mr. Bishop, are trying and succeeding in organizing a school spirit club in order to find some new ideas which will bring the students out to the games. The attendance at the games has been rather low this season, the reason being, apparently, the increase in price of the tickets. However, this could not be helped. It was decided that more money was needed in order to build the bleachers on the other side of the football stadium and to help with the completion of Assumption's new gymnasium. The cheerleaders certainly deserve a cheer for all their efforts in the past year. The cheerleaders are: Pat Eagen, Marion Leigh, Mitzi Koch, Marg. Lanspeary, Jim Shynkar, Ron Turner and Bill Kovacs.

## ALTIORA PETO

by Elinor Oberg

As usual, the Altiora Peto has succeeded in fulfilling its motto "I seek higher things" in another year of diligent advertising. Through the capable leadership of the president, Peggy Buck, who is to be commended for her persistent activities in the club, and the adviser, Mr. Ryan, the school has again been informed of all the coming events, such as basketball games, football and dances.

Notice should also be given to the many artists who participate in this very active club to make it as outstanding as it is. To each and every one, Kennedy extends a hand of thanks.

### WHAT IS KENNEDY?

(Cont'd from Page 4)

two years and then enters the league and wins consistently to end up with a sure berth in the W. S. S. A. play offs and a good chance for the championship. It is an almost traditional winner of one and usually two or three of the W.S.S.A. oratorical contests. Kennedy is a swimming team which can win for so many years that they can't be remembered and then can be defeated by a margin of only one point. Kennedy is more than a school, it is a feeling. A feeling of sportsmanship, of fairness and of equality. Everybody has a right to share in the joys of Kennedy. Sure we have our faults, but what school does not? We make no pretence of being the city's best hockey players, or basketball players, but when we win a game we are proud and happy. Yes, now you know, and if you are ever asked, "What is Kennedy?" you may say, "Oh, it's one of Windsor's larger high-schools," but really you will know that we think it is far, far more than that.

by Patt Barnum, 13A

## THE DRAMATIC CLUB

Entering upon a new year, the first achievement of this club, was the changing of a long, out-dated name "Literary Society" to a new and simple "Dramatic Club". The appointed executive committee were as follows: Erhardt Kaden, Mitzi Koch, Steve Musy, Elinor Oberg and Frank Urbanski with Miss Gray and Miss McKay acting as advisers.

The Christmas Programme presented a long awaited play, "The Red Lamp" directed by Miss Gray, with assistant directors Miss McKay and Sylvia Swallow. The play was successful, and the excellent work of the actors showed how hard they had worked. Seen on stage were, Isobel McDowell, who played an excellent representation of Matilda Deering in the domineering aunt; Bill Kovacs, very convincing as the hen-pecked nephew; and Nancy Pennington cleverly playing the nephew's sister Alice. Peggy Buck amazed the audience with her fine Irish accent and portrayed such a likeable character that everyone was very pleased to see her long lost boy friend, the tramp, played so well by Gary Leach. Jim Shynkar is also to be commended for his part in the play as Archie Clark. The Directors and students, working together, accomplished excellent results.

In addition to the play the Glee Clubs, directed by Miss McNeill, and the arrival of Santa Claus, arranged by Harriet Tepperman, completed another Merry Christmas programme.

The new year brought a number of difficulties to the Drama Club; unfortunately it was unable to begin plans for a Spring production. However, the Easter programme this year will be replaced by an "Amateur Hour" which will include various talented persons in the school.

The members of the Dramatic Club have done a fine job this year. They are to be complimented on their eagerness and readiness to promote dramatic activities in spite of the many obstacles presented, for example, the absence of a proper stage. It is to be hoped that this year's production will be a start to many years of better programmes of school entertainment.

by Elinor Oberg

## KENNEDY CARNIVAL

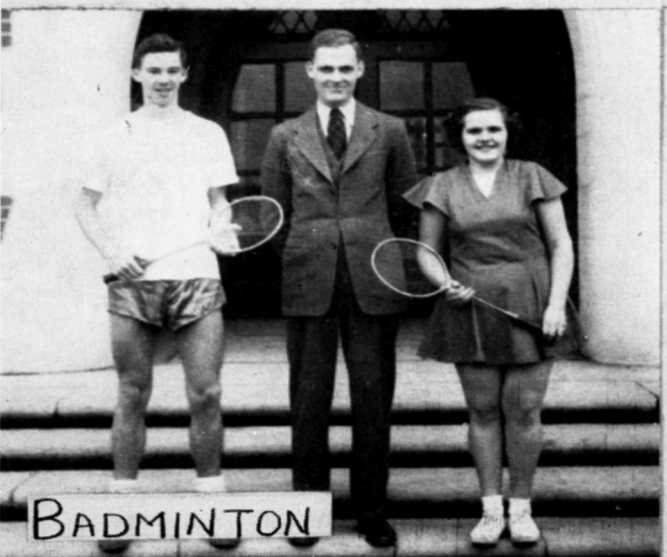
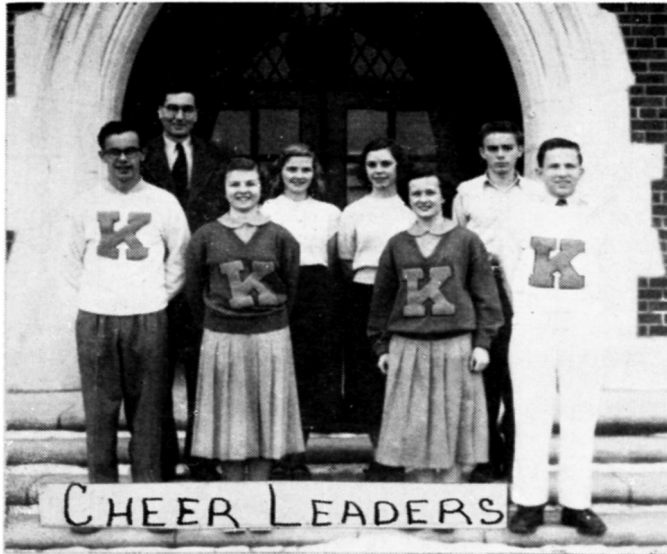
Praises are still being heard from the results that our school attained with the Kennedy Carnival. This novel idea brought from Toronto and introduced by Mr. Gilbert was a tremendous success. A wide variety of amusements—horror shows, fish ponds, record bars, candy booths, plays, lunch counters, etc.—attracted one of the largest crowds that Kennedy has ever seen. The Carnival, beginning on Saturday at 2 o'clock and running until midnight, set a new fashion for Collegiate events, for others quickly followed in our tracks. It took much planning and preparation, but our hard work brought us gratifying results.

## THE GLEE CLUBS

The Girls' and Boys' Glee Clubs, under the direction of Miss McNeill had a fairly successful season this year. They performed at the Christmas Concert and at the Windsor Music Festival with the boys specializing in spirituals and the girls providing a variety of numbers.

by Peggy Buck





# CADETS



CADET OFFICERS

Back Row, left to right: W. Harrison, W. Koch, F. Wakno, A. Collins, L. Lyons, J. Landau.

Middle Row, left to right: B. Spencer, M. Rosen, B. Wilson, S. Musy, H. Leach, J. Baum, K. Allen, G. Leach.

Front Row, left to right: D. Jennings, G. Malkin, J. Service, D. Kilpatrick, N. Matalik, J. Brady, D. Shynkar.

## CADET CORPS

Last year's Cadet Corps was by far the best Kennedy has ever had and one the school should be proud of. Our day of Inspection was very beautiful and the boys responded wonderfully to the fine weather. The Inspection was exceptional and the Inspecting Officers Capt. B. M. Milligan and Maj. Wm. Grant were very generous in their praise. The Cadet C. O. was Douglas Kilpatrick and the Cadet 2l. C. was Findlay Smith. After such a great Inspection no one was surprised when it was learned that the Kennedy Cadet Corps stood second in Windsor and fourth in the Western Ontario Area. This standing is doubly outstanding when the little time that Kennedy spends teaching its Cadet Corps is compared to that of other schools in the city or province.

One of our more fortunate cadets, Douglas Kilpatrick, was given the opportunity to go to Banff last summer. In view of reports heard, he had a wonderful time in that beautiful mountain country.

Speaking of wonderful times, fifteen boys from Kennedy went to Cadet Camp last summer under the care of Sgt. Spencer and Sgt. Malkin. Besides learning a great deal of army life they also had many interesting diversions such as long hikes and movies.

The social life of the Cadet officers was well begun by a party at the Armouries. It may be said without exaggeration that everyone had a pleasant night.

Our Cadet Corps is affiliated with the Essex Scottish and we here would like to thank Maj. Maxwell the liaison officer, for his splendid co-operation with us.

Our school shooting team has also done very well in its various competitions. In the competition the team stood:

1. Province of Ontario — March 1948  
Average 96.62 — Rank 14th
2. D. C. R. A.—Jan., Feb., Mar. 1948  
Average 95.94 — Rank 12th
3. R. M. C. — April 1948  
Average 96.2 — Rank 10th

while in the O. R. A. it stood fourth. That is to say that in the whole of Ontario our shooting squad stood fourth, an enviable record to be sure.

Signalling has been made more appealing by the addition of Mark 59's and 19's to the signalling equipment. If the enthusiasm with which the boys are going after signalling lasts until Inspection Day, we shall also have a first class Signal Corps.

At the time of the writing of this article the band, officers, and signallers are already hard at work in preparation for the coming Inspection which we hope will see Kennedy in possession of first place among all the schools of Ontario. —by Frank Wanko

## CADET CAMP AT BANFF

by Doug Kilpatrick "1/50"

There are fifty young fellows in the Dominion today to whom the name of the town of Banff, Alberta, means very much. For them the name brings forth memories of many happy and exciting hours which they spent while attending the first Special Dominion Camp, Royal Canadian Army Cadets.

I do not know to whom we are indebted for having conceived the idea, but the first anyone outside of Area Headquarters in London heard of the Camp was in April, 1948. It was announced then that a camp was to be held at Banff, Alberta, for fifty Master or

First Class Cadets from the Dominion. Applications bearing information about one such cadet from his corps were sent in by each corps chief instructor, and selections were made from these. Further examinations were held when they were considered necessary. It was a happy day for us indeed when notifications of acceptance were telegraphed out saying that we were to report to Camp Ipperwash, Ontario, on July 20, for a "nine-day period of proper outfitting of uniforms and general smartening-up drill."

We found, on arrival at Camp Ipperwash, that the eighteen fellows from Ontario had come from points as widespread as Timmins and Lancaster. We also found that if the life at Camp Ipperwash was any indication of what was to be expected in Alberta, we should be very happy, for the period consisted more of eating, sleeping, swimming and movie-going than "general smartening-up drill". This was with the exception of the period from July 23-27 when we drilled for three hours every day in preparation for the honour-guard which we tendered to the Chief of the General Staff on the morning of July 27. This was an especially proud moment for me since I was selected to command the guard which was the first Cadet guard to be tendered to a "Canadian C. G. S."

At "1630 hours" on July 29 we bade good-bye to Camp Ipperwash and started to London via bus and thence from London to Toronto by parlour car. From Toronto we started the last leg of our journey to Banff. At Sudbury, the next morning, we saw the rugged, vegetationless mining country of Northern Ontario; soon we were speeding along the north shore of Lake Superior where we saw buoys as big as ten city blocks filled with pulp logs and piles of logs half as high as the Canada Building. By August we had sped across the endless rolling, waving seas of the prairie wheat fields and caught the first breath-taking glimpse of the Canadian Rockies lying dim and majestic on the horizon a hundred miles away. We arrived in Banff at 12:30 p. m. and were making new acquaintances with fellows from Vancouver and Halifax that evening.

The camp was situated about three miles east of Banff at the foot of 10,000 foot-high Cascade Mountain. The camp was entirely under canvas with the exception of the showers and "other" quarters which were of a more permanent nature. There were thirteen tents used by the cadets as living quarters as well as tents for the camp-officer personnel, staff of drivers, cooks and orderlies, a camp hospital and a lounge which was restricted to cadet personnel only. This lounge was the second largest of the tents and was complete with a soft-drink bar, radio, chesterfields and easy chairs, and writing tables and stationery. The mess tent was the largest of the tents and was as complete as any restaurant in Windsor. There was always clean linen on the tables, including napkins, the silver was complete to the point of two knives, two forks and three spoons at each setting. Messing was carried out in modified cafeteria style. Each cadet served himself the main course, but items such as bread, butter, coffee, tea or milk, sauces and the like were brought to the tables by the orderlies. At first we felt somewhat backward about asking grown men to wait on us but when we found it was expected of us, it was much easier. One of the beauties of the camp was that the cadet personnel did no "fatigues" except to keep their own tent areas clean. The food served

was prepared by a hand-picked group of cooks from the Western Command. We had pie and ice cream every day, salads at every lunch, roast chicken on Sundays and in general lived like kings.

Space would not permit even a general resumé of the things we did and the places we went during the three weeks at camp. It would not be exaggerating to say that we saw everything worth seeing and then a little more in the area of Banff. As a matter of fact, we even went to British Columbia. The first time was on horseback on a fifteen-mile day-long ride, the second was by motor vehicle. We swam in the famous Cave and Basin sulphur springs and Chateau Lake Louise pools; we climbed Mount Eisenhower; we fished in the upper Spray River, and climbed Johnson's Canyon. There was naturally some time devoted to training in the strict sense of the word. We did work with the famous "walkie-talkie" wireless sets, took some training in stretcher bearing and loading which you may have seen in the newsreels; we were instructed in the use of range finders and used them ourselves. Also there were a few hours of foot drill which no one enjoyed, but which everyone did to the best of his ability. There were also many times when the cadets were required to "look sharp". These came not only with the morning inspections, but also with the many inspections by colonels and brigadiers and generals who were all intensely interested in the experiment of the Special Dominion Camp.

There was plenty of time devoted to active recreation. Every Saturday was a sports day. The five commands competed with one another for athletic honour in softball, track and field, volleyball, wrestling and boxing. Every evening after 7:00 p. m. was free time to cadets unless they were on duty as Cadet Town Police or Fire Pickets. It was during the evenings that we took advantage of the standing invitation extended to us by the Banff School of Fine Arts to attend their nightly parties at the "Culture Cave". We expressed our gratitude by staging a camp-fire party one Sunday evening and a picnic another. The camp provided transportation and food for these affairs.

Some unexpected events take place in everyone's days which help to make them interesting. In this instance I was surprised one Sunday morning when coming out of church during a church parade to hear a feminine voice say, "There's Doug," and when I looked up I was greeted by both Miss Gray and Miss McEwen. I met them both several times again during our stay in and around Banff. In the matter of surprises that Sunday seemed to have had more than its share, for the whole camp was surprised that afternoon when Randolph Scott, the movie star, came out to the camp to say 'hello'.

It would probably take volumes to express all the enjoyment received from things done and places visited. I think I have given you a general idea of what the camp was like and what the future Special Dominion Camps will be like. Although I have not told about how we were provided with all types of clothing and equipment from gym shoes to field glasses, and what a wonderful staff of officers and instructors we had, I hope that this account will perhaps be somewhat of an incentive to cadets here at Kennedy Collegiate to obtain the rating of Master or First Class Cadet so that they too may become eligible for this wonderful experience.





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# CLASS NEWS

## A - 13 - B

Grades 13A and 13B have combined efforts this year. November 10 started the activities with a bang. In the lower hall of St. George's Church, we were swamped with music and food. Plenty of coke, cake, hot dogs and mustard, and records, which supplied the dreamy music, constituted the fun. The chaperoning was supplied by Miss Vrooman, and Mr. and Mrs. Ward.

December 22 was the evening of the memorable hayride at John Vidican's home in Sandwich East. "Farmers," John and Doug. pitched in to steer the horses as everybody in the two wagons became chummy. It was too bad that Mr. Bishop encountered the nail on the wagon but little things do happen. The cosy home atmosphere, the records, and the food again, added to the enjoyment. The "Mad Chemist", Doug. took an interest in cocoa and milk. He ended up with a contraption of "Kick a Poo Joy Juice".

Herb Gray won the name "The Silver Tongued Orator" when he out-talked Miss Gray. Congratulations Herb for winning that oratorical contest.

One morning, shortly after Miss Gray had lectured us on the proper procedure, when entering her class late, Elfio Schincariol came into the room forty minutes late, slammed the door and stamped to his seat. Miss Gray called upon one of the students to tell Elfio what he should have done. Frank, who was chosen, stood up and without a pause said, "Well seeing that he is late, he should have waited, and come in early for to-morrow's class."

## 12A IN REVIEW

Dave and Jim are soon in their seats,  
While June and Marg. are in on the beat,  
Dorothy and Bev, are chatting like mad,  
And black sweaters and skirts are the latest fad,  
Nick, as usual, sketches planes,  
As a squeaky clarinet Scoren feins,  
Sylvia is buried in a new book,  
Then Syrel appears with the new look,  
Joyce est parlent about all her beaux,  
While Erma is fussing with all her clothes,  
We often tire of hearing Joel sneeze,  
While Jeanette for a comb is asking please,  
And Alex explains the molecular theory,  
And Evelyn walks around calling everyone deary,  
Someday John Jackson's homework will be done.  
When Ron Godziszewski stops thinking of fun,  
Eleanore informs us all about horses,  
Bill explains that "copiae" means forces,  
Guns are the favourite of our John Streib,  
While Valerie to "Tommy" her date doth describe,  
Bill S. is unaware of the glance of a "miss",  
As Jack Pineau catches them all with great bliss,  
James is explaining the heavens to Don,  
And Norman must know what's going on,  
Jack Wall some new honour in track is intending,  
I fear that this poem soon should be ending,  
As Rita stands by with a gleeful grin,  
Monsieur Knapp waits for class to begin.

—by Jo-Anne Verwey 12A



"Ah, school's not so bad. It gets your parents out of your hair for a while!" (Bob Fuller)

## 12B

Would most sensible people go on a hayride on a wet, cold night? They would not! But 12B did. Don Gene crammed kids into his car until the sides sagged but Fraser Grieve and Marilyn Parker managed to squeeze in. By 8:30 or so Jack Parker, Lillian Peterson, Norman Hallewick, Jean Strattan, Arliss Weber, and Bill Moiseshyn blew into the house and before the door could be closed Frank Urbanski with Shirley Warren, Don Service, Audrey Boyd, Marjory Moncrieff, and Marion Jewel arrived. Then the all-clear sounded and there was a mad rush for the wagon. Barbara McMillan, Nelson Alles, Bob McAuston, and Eleanor Rossler got first pick of seats. After the ride the gang ate hot dogs and drank coffee while they danced.

## 12C OUR CLASS ATHLETES

Came fall and autumn leaves lay round about  
And football stars did Mister Chapman scout  
And from our class rose men of football might  
To raise the blue and gold into the light.  
For centre there was chosen Bill Moiseshyn  
At end Srefanszyk played his position  
Merve Essery and Mike Peters ran the ball;  
The opposition, Dan Shynkar did stall.  
Then came cold winter with its dreary snow  
And Moir and Gillis to the gym did go.  
Grey streaks the dawn, at the arena uncovered  
Where John Choyce and Dan Shynkar were discovered,  
Comes spring, the sporting touch will be here  
Our sturdy, vigorous athletes we will cheer,  
To win still greater laurels for our school.  
Laurels revealing the good sportsmanship rule.

—Joe Ferris—12C

## CLASS NEWS OF 11A

With Marilyn Little as president and Elek Sulyok as vice-president, 11A completed an interesting year of class activities. Class life has varied — long to be remembered are a few interesting discussions between Miss Gray and Henry Onuch, Orest's speech, and Erhardt's lengthy physics questions.

During the year the class held two successful parties at Louise Woolsey's house. One was held at Hal-lowe'en and the other at the commencement of the 1949 school year. Louise has a large basement and everybody had a wonderful time dancing and playing games. At the end there was plenty of food and cokes. Expenses were covered by a system of dues per person per week; it was handled by the Class Treasurer, Margaret Allan.

11A was well represented in school activities and sports during the year. Erhardt Kaden was elected to the Forum and Gary Leach came in second in the Senior Boys' Oratorical Contest in the school. In the girls, Grace Fleming, Joan Storey, and Joan McKerrow were on the girl's basketball team and volleyball team. Sulyok was a star player on both the football and basketball teams, and Gerald O'Flanagan has good prospects for track.

Mixing school studies with school activities 11A has had a successful and enjoyable year.

—Don Jennings

## 11B

October 2 saw the first 11B party. After a week of planning it was decided to have a weiner roast at Stuart White's home. Dr. White helped start the fire in the out-door grill. Marshmallows, cokes, and watermelon added to the feast. Dancing in the basement reception room followed. It was agreed that the party was a great success.

On October 29, in the gaily decorated basement of Trinity United Church, the second 11B party was held. Costumes were optional and the majority did not dress up. Dancing occupied full attention, some not even taking time for sandwiches, coke, cookies, and fudge. Due to the hard work of the committees, the party was as much fun as the first.

Before the Christmas holidays, Miss Vrooman gave 11B, her home-room class, its third party of the year. The first part of the evening there was dancing; the second part was required to make even a dent in the delicious home-cooked refreshments.

## 11C

Bernard Steer, the manager of the hockey team, is president of our class. What we would like to know, does he love a lass.

Now as for Kay, if I were she,  
I'd stop copying in Geography.  
And now we would like to know,  
To what Beauty Parlour does John L. go.  
Nancy Payne who seems so shy,  
Fellows; just try winking an eye.  
And then there's little Dougy,  
He could use a buggy.  
Then there is Isobel who listens to the singer Milton  
But she would rather talk to Wilton.

Tom Belanger who listens to Dorothy Dix,  
But he'd rather drink a Tom Collins Mix.  
We have a girl whose name is Betty Barry  
Who is always winking at little Derry.  
Billy Boyd who dropped French  
Is still warming the Basketball bench.  
We have two Shirley's who are shy  
With every boy who passes by.  
A boy whose name is Grant  
To think of a rhyme we can't.  
There is Billy Knowles (Knobby) sitting at the back  
With his bubble gum making a loud crack.  
But we keep happy everyday.  
With our form teacher Mrs. May.

—Shirley Tabachnick and  
Doug Buckner

## "ODE TO 11D"

(History Class)

Every morning around about nine,  
In Mr. Mahon's room you will find  
The class of 11D, the year '49 . . . .  
And when this jolly class has begun  
In comes Eddy on the run,  
With Virtue following up close behind;  
Those two have never been on time:  
But if you think that they are late  
All you'll have to do is wait  
Till half the period is done  
To see Elmer Elford slowly come.  
During the day you will see  
Doreen trying hard to perceive  
Which of the cousins she will date next  
If there are any left!  
Louis, our president, sits in a gloom  
Thinking about . . . . I wonder whom?  
While Lizzy is in quite a fret  
Wondering what her Joe will do next  
Melvin and Bill are the quiet type  
But Ken is the one who just loves to fight.  
Donna and Pat, the popular two  
With boyfriends, never seem to be through.  
Gerry and George are the ones in the class  
Who are continually trying to make us laugh.  
Postian already knows his life ambition  
He's following the family tradition.  
Algebra, Chris just can't seem to understand.  
But that's nothing, because none of us can.  
Poor Chesley is lost to no end  
Now he no longer has his bosom friend:  
Fred a famous sax player should be  
Because he practices constantly.  
Physics is Patsy's favourite class  
Who can it be, that makes her laugh?  
Two girls that we haven't mentioned yet  
Are Mary and Marilyn, a real cute set:  
But alas and alack there's still one left  
How could I ever Wilma forget;  
For there isn't one day that you're not near  
Except, maybe, when I'm not here.  
Finally, a tribute I should like to hand  
To our one and only teacher, Mr. Mahon  
For being able to stand the whole year through  
Our devilish pranks, which we often renew.

—Dusty

## CLASS NEWS OF 11E

Barat—is a square  
 Bray—she's O-K  
 Cardinal—he's a hockey great  
 Crawford—great on the basketball floor  
 Douglas—collected tickets at the door  
 Glaser—has a brain  
 Hagman—is the same  
 Hobbs—says it's cold there  
 Jensen—never gets there  
 Lambdon—small  
 Landau—beats them all  
 Lyons—eats his fill  
 Meretsky—pays the bill  
 Moncrieff—usually stays away  
 Moore—is here every day  
 Noble—is a gallant guy  
 Nolting—tries to catch his eye  
 Purdy—likes his sweaters yellow  
 Ruel—skates around  
 Schott—is always falling down  
 Steel—is always singing  
 Sundell's—ears are forever ringing  
 Taub—is corn right off the cob  
 Vallance—likes a physics job  
 Widders—comes at the end.

## CLASS NEWS OF 11C1

It happened on a chilly moonlight night in November! What happened? Why the Class of 11C1 had a hayride out Devonshire way, of course! Everyone was clad in blue jeans and plaid skirts. At the clubhouse while the juke box gave out the strains of music of famous band leaders, the guys and gals cut a rug until the wagon arrived. After the hayride there was more dancing and then the group went to the Dingy Dell for refreshments.

Seen enjoying themselves were: Joe Szarka, Joan Widders, and Kaye Wright; Julia Trevail and Jerry Pelletier; Gwen Wright and Matti Todd; Donna Owen and Doug Ladeceur; Jacqueline Ford and Wilfred Webb; Elsie Miller and Ed Curd; Anne Kuhn and Joe Reffle; Dorothy Lessel and Johnny Mecher; Pat Calvert and Rick Ellwood; Bev Vollans and Arnold Ker. Everyone had a good time.

—Pat Calvert—11C1

## IDEAL K.C.I. GIRL

Hair	- - - - -	Nancy Pennington
Face	- - - - -	Arleen Berkovitz
Eyes	- - - - -	Doreen Russel
Personality	- - - - -	Shirley Randall
Figure	- - - - -	Jean Riggs
Athletic	- - - - -	Arden Paisley
Clothes	- - - - -	Lyajoy Leon
Nose	- - - - -	Pat Eagen
Chin	- - - - -	Margaret Bell
Complexion	- - - - -	Ann Gibson
Smile (pleasant)	- - - - -	Marion Jewell
(fiendish)	- - - - -	Peggy Buck
Legs	- - - - -	Joan Arnott
Lips	- - - - -	Madeline Csonka
Vitality	- - - - -	Vicky Pizar

## IDEAL K.C.I. BOY

Hair	- - - - -	Morris Drouillard
Face	- - - - -	Jerry O'Flanagan
Eyes	- - - - -	Archie Campbell
Personality	- - - - -	Arthur Pennington
Brains	- - - - -	Alex Collins
Physique	- - - - -	Alek Sulyok
Athletic	- - - - -	Walter Welychko
Clothes	- - - - -	Bob Clark
Humour	- - - - -	Bill Knowles
Nose	- - - - -	Bod Ledgley
Ears	- - - - -	Doug Kilpatrick
Voice	- - - - -	Herb Gray
Smile (pleasant)	- - - - -	Bob Scoren
(fiendish)	- - - - -	Ray Ryan
Vitality	- - - - -	Otto Chanko

## IDEAL K.C.I. TEACHER

Hair	- - - - -	Mr. Walter
Forehead	- - - - -	Mr. Ward
Chin	- - - - -	Mr. Ryan
Clothes	- - - - -	Miss Stewart
Smile	- - - - -	Mr. Fox
Voice	- - - - -	Mr. Thompson
Eyes	- - - - -	Miss Gray
Humour	- - - - -	Mr. Deagle
Neatness	- - - - -	Mr. Knapp
Personality	- - - - -	Mrs. May

## Favourite Sayings - Teachers

Mr. Bishop—Class! How many got number one?

Mr. Ward—Now I'm giving you this time to study. Make use of it.

Miss Stewart—It is the little things in life that make good citizenship.

Mr. Knapp—You wouldn't know about that though!

Mr. Brown—How many would be interested in—?

Miss Noonan—It is one of those things we ought to notice.

Mr. Letourneau—This is the worst class I have.

Mrs. Hagarty—Get out and stand under the clock!

Mr. Walter—Sit in the back seat when you come in late.

Mr. Fox—Say now it's just about time you stopped talking.

Miss Gray—Stand up! Sit down! Stand up! Sit down!

Miss Hope—You're living dangerously.

Mr. Ryan—And where were you on Tuesday?

Mr. Unger—Now where did I put that?

## TOMMY GORDON

It is nearly two years now since one of the school's best friends left, but we haven't forgotten him! Tommy is living in Roseland, at present, and has just completed the home which he started building previous to his illness. Although still a little handicapped, he is in excellent health, and wishes that he were back with us. We only wish that he could return for we certainly miss him. However, all the best wishes are sent from the school, and we are still hoping that "Tommy" will be with us once more.



## 10 A CLASS NEWS

Ten A has had two very successful class parties. The first was held at the home of Mary Bell and it took place early in November. The second, at the home of Donna Tobin, was just as big a hit as the first. It was held in February. The committee that did such a wonderful job planning the parties, consisted of: Donna Tobin (President), Joyce Safrance (Vice President), Lin Johnston, Kirk Weber, Mary Bell, and Bill Gee. The class has hopes of holding at least one more party before the close of the year.

During the year 10A had the honour of attending the opening of the Supreme Court of Ontario, and they were thrilled by the special address from Judge McKay. One of 10A's students, Nancy Pennington, had a leading role in "The Red Lamp," a play which was staged by the Drama Club at Christmas time. Catherine Werte and Kirk Weber both made the basketball teams this year, and Joyce Safrance and Leo Gray represented Kennedy Collegiate Juniors in the W.O.S.S.A. finals in the oratoricals.

—by Joan Madill Donna Tobin

## 10 B CLASS NEWS

10B started the first term with a bang!

They had their first get-together in October, when a fair show of students went out to Phillip's Riding Academy for a two-hour hayride, packed with fun, and then lots of cokes and hot dogs. When the food had completely disappeared every one continued the party with dancing and sing-song. A swell time was had by all who attended.

An even more successful party was held in December, at the home of Ann Gibson. There was a terrific turn-out, plenty of food and cokes, records and dancing, and for those who could not dance, non-gambling card games. Christmas carols were sung by all, as Joyce Safrance's nimble fingers supplied the music, and gave the party a spirit of Christmas.

On the Saturday night of February 5, every one donned their mufflers and ski-suits and went out to Dayus' Stadium for an evening of thrill-packed tobogganing. The weather was just right and the recent snow was crisp and packed, and although a lot of spills were taken, it was a wonderful experience. Later, everyone piled into the little Grill for hot chocolate and hamburgers, and then, with many aches, bruises, and red noses, the gang left for home.

—by Naomi Kaplan Ron Saunders

## ASSEMBLIES

The assemblies this year have made great advances in quality, for they have reached an "all-time peak". The actors, directors, and all members of the Dramatic Club are to be commended on the fine programme that was presented at Christmas. It certainly is worth waiting a few weeks in order to see a play such as was given by the Dramatic Club in December. Everyone was pleased with the results and all are looking forward to further progress of this organization.

## 10 C HIT PARADE

Anne Hlusek—*Frankie and ? were Sweethearts*  
 Lydia Antosko—*Some Day My Horse Will Come.*  
 Shirley Munro—*Embraceable You.*  
 Jim Marshall—*Sylvia.*  
 Bob Casement—*Jealousy.*  
 Allen Walsh—*Prisoner of Love.*  
 Frank Reiser—*I'm Gonna Buy a Paper Doll.*  
 Dale Allen—*Don't Be a Baby, Baby.*  
 Eric West—*Now is the Hour.*  
 Bob Hayles—*I'm in Love With ?*  
 Bob Sayres—*Life Gets Tedious, Don't It?*  
 Jim Bleasby—*Baby Face.*  
 Bob Brown—*It's Magic.*  
 Ted Lucas—*If You Were the Only Girl in the World.*  
 Don Ballantyne—*The Girl that I marry.*  
 Don Ellison—*My Darling.*  
 Bill Milner—*Blue Bird of Happiness.*  
 Jim Sampson—*Red Roses for a Blue Lady.*  
 Barry Deneau—*I'd Love to Get You on a Slow Boat to China.*

David Silver—*?? ? In the Dark.*  
 Henry Szaran—*I'll Be Seeing You.*  
 Bob Widders—*A Little Bird Told Me.*  
 Betty Rivington—*If I Had My Life to Live Again.*  
 Edward Allen—*Little May You've Had a Busy Day.*  
 Mr. Thompson—*EITHER it's love or it isn't.*

## THAT'S 10D

Doreen Russell, refusing a date,  
 Bob and Ken, never being late,  
 Johnny Murdock, looking trim,  
 Ivor Johnstone, unable to swim,  
 Bernice Hallwick, dressed in satin,  
 Ron Turner, learning his Latin.  
 Inez Tereschuk, wearing skirts short,  
 Saul Nosanchuck, not having to report,  
 Ed. Olesiuk, not bothering the girls,  
 Eloy Rilett, without his curls,  
 Bonnie Baily, sick in bed,  
 Elinor Patzer, with a swelled head,  
 Ron Pull, not wearing his jerkin,  
 Too bad we haven't a boy named Derkin,  
 If the poem became a rule,  
 Things would be boring here at school.

by Ron Roadhouse

## TENNIS

by Emma Blair

To start the ball rolling for the year in girl's athletics, last September Emma Blair and Arden Paisley defeated Barnby and Hilliard from Walkerville (6-4) (6-3) to win the W.S.S.A. girl's doubles tennis crown. Then, in the last week of September, these girls carried the Kennedy colours to the W. O. S. S. A. matches at St. Thomas, where, though they gave a fine example of skill and sportsmanship, they were defeated in a closely contested battle by Woodstock (6-4) (5-7) (7-5). Tennis, regaining a foothold since the war, is adding more enthusiasts every season. Let us hope this continues and that next year our tennis representatives meet with as great acclaim as in this year.





K-Hop



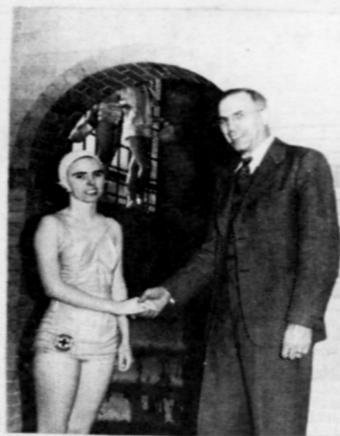
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Social  
Committee



Patrons



Quartet

19

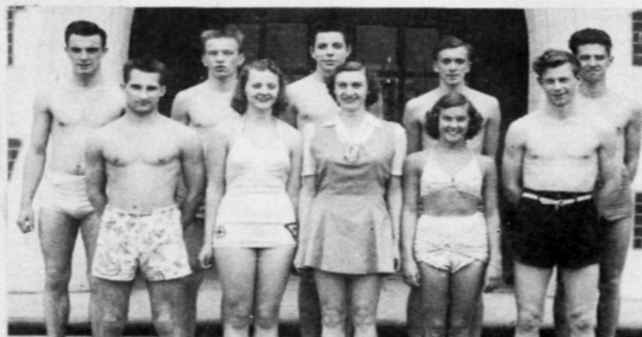


Shooting



House League  
Football

49



Red Cross Instruction

F.B.

## CLASS OF 10E, 1949

Through a little key-hole you would see  
 The good old class of 10E:  
 Annabelle Malcolm always late,  
 Marilyn Warwick never refusing a date;  
 June McFarland at the head of the class,  
 While Doug Prime hardly makes a pass;  
 Michael Mutter always making wise cracks  
 Then down comes Miss McNeill's ruler with a whack.  
 John Turansky, tall and slim,  
 Always playing his magic violin;  
 Walter Muroff always getting detentions,  
 Shirley Jones beaming with news;  
 David Caplan a whiz at math,  
 Bob Lemon always good for a laugh;  
 Don Rossi, with a head of curls,  
 While Bert Verwey has an eye on the girls;  
 Leo Muzzin on the football team,  
 Arleen Berkovitz, the girl of boys' dreams;  
 Dan Frazer always getting detentions,  
 Joan Godfrey paying close attention.  
 Though school is fun, it's a little funny  
 The students do the work and the teachers get the money.

—by Sonia Sholomiski—10E

## A NOTE ON 10C1

Frances, who is always gabby,  
 Winnie, who is never shabby,  
 Susanne, with her hair in place,  
 And a far-away look on Barbara's face;  
 Patrick, like mischief, is everywhere  
 Elsie, with her thoughts awhirl,  
 And little Pat, the cheer-leader girl;  
 Joyce, who is partial to a show,  
 Ellen and her passion—Vaughn Monroe.  
 Esther, who just loves Dick Haymes,  
 Marilyn, who likes to play tennis games;  
 Dick, with feet out in the aisle,  
 Janet, always in with the style;  
 Leona, who is Frankie Lainish,  
 Betty with her looks is brainish,  
 Helen, on the basketball team.  
 Joan, who is always on the beam.  
 Helene, who loves to let off steam,  
 And Nancy, whom I have never heard scream.  
 Irene dressed in clothes of fashion,  
 Margie, who shares my secret passion;  
 Mary, small but always seen,  
 Elizabeth, who to Hamlet has been;  
 Sandra, never looks glum,  
 And finally Ethel, so quiet and mum,  
 Who ends this note on 10C1.

—Ellen Hardy

## OUR CLASS OF 9E

This is the proud class of 9E  
 Our home room teacher is Mrs. Hagarty.  
 With Vicki Pizar on gym teams,  
 And John Mahood still sewing up seams.  
 Delores Lombardo and her bold remarks,  
 Patsy Mizon always getting high marks.  
 And our gum-chewing project called Leonard Menard;  
 While Jean Mirsky works so hard,

Marjorie Morianti with her nice neat books:  
 Barbara Meretsky and her good looks.  
 Stuart McGregor, our Hockey champ:  
 Donald Mensch, our two-fisted tramp.  
 Joyce McIndoo surpassing the tallest,  
 Betty McIntyre being the smallest,  
 While Angus Morrison and Gordon Massey,  
 Make basketball games come out quite classy.  
 With Bette Lore in our math class,  
 And Jack Forest still wondering if he'll pass.  
 We have two new classmates and I'd like to explain,  
 One's name is Shiela and the other's Elaine.  
 Our quietest student is Mary Miller,  
 While Phil Ruge is quite a killer.  
 Another member of our class is  
 A dilapidated chap called Arthur Miskus.  
 In school Irwin Marlow isn't doing too bad,  
 But to consider Donald Maisonville makes you feel sad.  
 With modest Jack Moore and his twinkling eyes,  
 And Herbert Miller who never tells lies.  
 We have one more boy who is here everyday,  
 And although he's not worth it his name is John McKay.  
 There's a very nice girl we've got to put in,  
 And her name happens to be Venita Martin.  
 The only name that is not there,  
 IS MINE: but I wrote this so I don't care.

—Carol Longueay—9E

## Washing The Kitchen Floor

Abandoned, quite alone,  
 I set about my chore,  
 To do as I was shown,  
 To wash the kitchen floor.  
 Beneath the basement stair,  
 Through blackness and through soot,  
 I found the buckets there—  
 I kicked it with my foot.  
 The mop I found there too,  
 For when I kicked the bucket  
 I fell, and as I flew  
 Through spider webs, I struck it.  
 It could not be a flop,  
 So offering up my prayers  
 I, armed with pail and mop,  
 Mounted up the stairs.  
 With water from the tap  
 I began to wash the floor;  
 Distinctly not the chap  
 The women took me for.  
 But, woe! the mop soon broke—  
 When pressing hard it sags—  
 It snapped! That was no joke.  
 Continuing now with rags,  
 I scrubbed, and scrubbed, and scrubbed.  
 The floor shone very brightly,  
 And brighter became when rubbed,  
 Though my hands became unsightly.  
 "Why are women's hands so rough?"  
 I knew the answer then,  
 Because that work was tough  
 Even too tough for men.  
 If asked to do this thing,  
 Fall dead and rise no more,  
 Rather than suffer the sting  
 Of washing the kitchen floor.

Don Service, 12B

# 1949



SO TIRED



PRISON ?



COMFY



JUDGES



SPRING FEVER



# KENNEDY



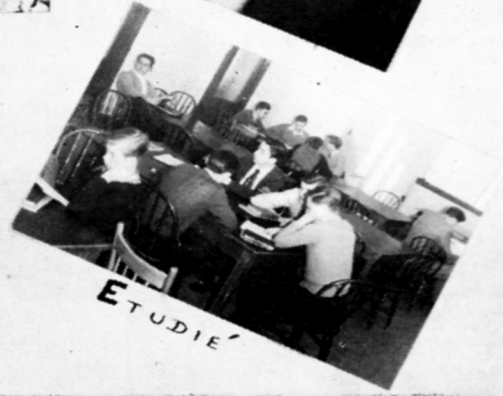
TEACHERS



SOCIAL COMMITTEE



COACH



ETUDIE



# HUMOUR

Miss Gray: Doug Kilpatrick, what is your definition of a motorist?

Doug: A motorist is a person who, after seeing a wreck, drives carefully for several blocks.

\* \* \* \*

"Waiter—hic—bring me a dish o' prunes."

"Stewed, sir?"

"Thash none o' your business."

\* \* \* \*

Walter K. "Here's a snapshot of a girl I met on the beach last summer."

Merv. E. "Snapshot, me eye—that's an exposure."

\* \* \* \*

The man who enjoys running after women has trouble nowadays finding women who will run.

\* \* \* \*

And then there was the boatswain's mate who chirped that his wife should be in Congress—she was good at introducing bills into the house.

\* \* \* \*

"Pull over, mister," said the traffic cop. "You haven't any tail light."

The motorist stopped, got out for a look, and was speechless with dismay.

"Well, its bad, but not that bad," said the officer.

Recovering his voice, the motorist quavered, "It isn't the tail light that bothers me, officer, but what became of my trailer."

\* \* \* \*

A Hollywood reporter once asked dancer Gene Kelly, "When did you first begin to like girls?" Kelly's forthright answer was, "The minute I discovered they weren't boys."

\* \* \* \*

The "New Look" adds another problem. Before you could see if a girl was knockkneed—now you have to listen.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Knapp in gay Paree: "Garson, je desire consoome royal, et unprece of pang et burr—

Waiter: "I'm sorry sir I don't speak French."

Mr. Knapp: "Well for heaven's sake, send someone who can."

\* \* \* \*

Son: "Mama, how do you get the cubic contents of a barrell?"

Ma: "I don't know. Ask your father."

\* \* \* \*

Husband: "Honey, if I had to do it over again, do you know whom I'd marry?"

Wife: "No. I don't. Who?"

Hubby: "You."

Wife: "Oh, no, you wouldn't!"

To-day it's hard to appreciate the flower of womanhood. You can't see the stems.

\* \* \* \*

Husband: "I've got to discharge that chauffeur of mine—he's nearly killed me four times."

Wife: "Oh, give him another chance."

\* \* \* \*

Quartet: Four people who think the other three can sing.

\* \* \* \*

Confucius say: "Man who covers chair instead of territory is on bottom all the time."

\* \* \* \*

Hubby: "What are you planning to do this evening?"

Wife: "Oh, write a letter, listen to the radio, and so on."

Hubby: "Well, when you get to the so on, don't forget my shirt button."

\* \* \* \*

A yawn may be bad manners, but it's an honest opinion.

\* \* \* \*

Bob Bailey had only one comment to make after missing the ball on the first tee, three times.

"Tough course."

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Deagle: (after seeing Gibb fill his pen with water).

"That's some pen, Bill; if you had a horse I suppose you'd put green glasses on him and feed him sawdust."

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Thompson: Name the five parts of the flower.

Joan McKee: Sepals, pedals, anther, pistil and trigger.

\* \* \* \*

Miss Noonan: What was the Age of Pericles?

4th Former: I'm not sure, but I think he was about forty.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Walter: Class, where was the Declaration of Independence signed?

Class: At the bottom.

\* \* \* \*

Mrs. Hagarty: How many wars were waged against Spain?

1st Former: Six.

Mrs. Hagarty: Enumerate, please.

1st Former: One, two, three, four, five, six.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Bishop: "If your father gave you X cents and your mother 2X cents, and you lost 2X cents, what would you have?"

Pupil: "A hole in my pocket."

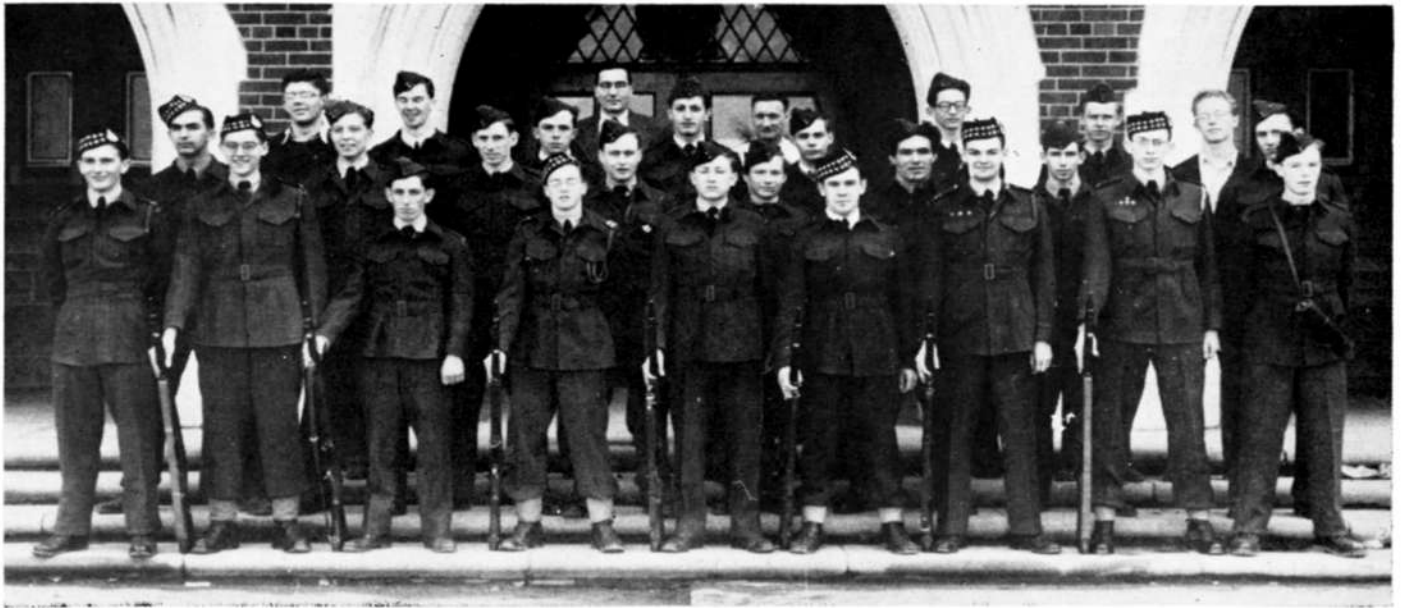




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RIFLE TEAM

## NOTRE CLASSE DE FRANCAIS

Plusieurs garçons et filles,  
Vont à dix heures et demies  
A la salle de Monsieur Knapp  
D'apprendre le français  
Plusieurs fois ils sont méchants  
Les ardents étudiants!  
Et Monsieur Knapp doit nous dire,  
"De tous enfants, vous sont les pires!"  
Ainsi, nous nous amusons:  
Parlant pendant la leçon,  
Faisant de l'arithmétique  
Trouvant quelque chose comique.  
Enfin, à vingt heures dix, on sonne,  
Alors, il faut que nous partions  
Ah, Monsieur Knapp, vous sourez?  
Qu'est-ce que c'est qui vous fait gai?

James Shynkar, 13B  
"Etudiant de la classe  
de Français"

## WHAT TEEN-AGERS ARE WEARING

by Elsie Miller—10C,

The styles for the high school crowd are constantly changing. Many of the girls create their own fashions and other girls copy them and soon it is the style. If you would walk into any of Windsor's high schools you would see pencil-line skirts, turtle-neck sweaters, jerkins, crepe-soled oxfords and tailored blouses in all the beautiful shades. The boys are also far from dull; they are wearing draped trousers, turtle-neck and "V" neck sweaters, brightly shined shoes, colourful socks and smart gabardine sport shirts.

The styles for evening parties and dances are somewhat daintier for the girls. Low neck lines and bustles are outrunning the sloppy sweaters of a few years back and the smooth fitting suits are quite eye-catching. When the fellows dress up they go all out for one-button-roll suits in midnight blue or gray, white shirts with a Windsor collar and long two-tone ties, check socks and navy blue topcoats. Who ever said teen-agers didn't know style?

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### LOOKING BACK

They have been short years  
That have merrily sped by,  
And we come to fifth  
To take our leave from K. C. I.—  
The cheers that go with football  
Of the touchdown that now just was complete,  
The long massed pictures in the halls  
And the new set of bleacher seats.  
The ball on the rim of the basket;  
Sighs that arose when it did not go in,  
But nevertheless from first to fifth,  
Kennedy's teams have produced many wins.  
The hockey games that always got lost  
From forty-four to forty-nine,  
And then a miracle occurred,  
And the boys began to shine.  
The laurels came from soccer,  
Track, swimming and volleyball,  
From orators, taggers and singers  
Who helped the honours on Kennedy to fall.  
But we cannot forget the dances,  
The "T's" after four on special days;  
The Commencements, the K-Hops  
And the Spring Frolic's of May.  
Other pleasures have added joy,  
The salvage drives, the Stardust Nites  
And the parties of our class  
Have helped build up Kennedy's might.  
The Cadets, the school and the teachers  
Of many things have all been a part  
That shall make live in each heart  
"Though we may leave you,  
Our hearts will ne'er forget  
Dear Old Kennedy."

Joan Warwick, 13A

### THE TEACHER

You walk down the hall with a stately stride,  
All Kennedy students step meekly aside.  
You walk in the room, the class grows quiet;  
The moment you leave, they burst out in a riot.  
When you come back again the class is bent  
Over its work as though innocent.  
But an overturned ink bottle proves their guilt;  
Paper wads on the floor and your desk on a tilt.  
You "bawl out" the class, but they've had their day!  
A minute or so of lively play.  
A teacher must teach and you do your part;  
You realize the students aren't bad at heart.  
Partly a parent and partly a preacher,  
That's the perennial life of a teacher.

Orest Tokarsky, 11A

### BROTHER DEAR

My brother dear is always near,  
Though sometimes rude and rash;  
His sister is a handy bank  
When he is short of cash.  
Without him life is dull,  
For 'round the table to be sure,  
At supper there's a lull.  
Sometimes he's sweet, sometimes he's kind,  
Though seldom, be assured,  
But no, I would not part with him,  
Without him life's absurd;  
Though loves will come and loves will go  
One never will replace  
The love I feel for brother dear,  
For though a card — THE ACE.

Mitzi Koch, 12C

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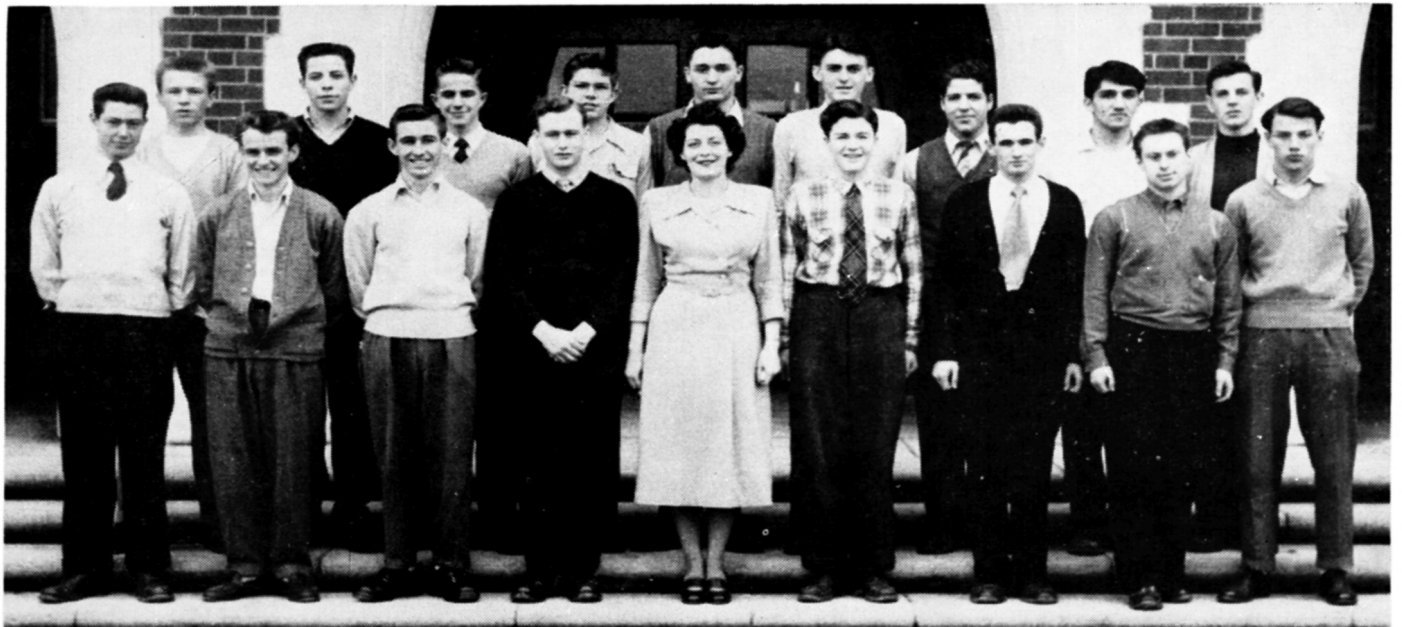
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